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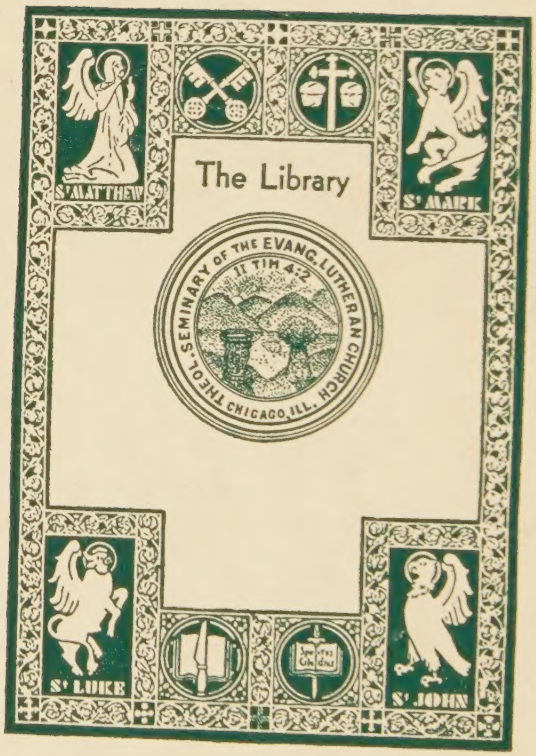
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WRITERS OF COLONIAL NEW ENGLAND

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COTTON MATHER

WRITERS OF COLONIAL NEW ENGLAND

...BY...

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ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

...AND...

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FOREWORD

No history of a people better repays thoughtful study than that of the men and women who founded what we know as New England. The genesis of a new civilization is always interesting, often inspiring. In no other did the mind and soul play so large a part as in this, on these Atlantic shores. Hither came an exceptional group of people — or succession of groups and individuals. They were not the refugees of discouraged communities; not the unwanted, thrust forth for riddance; not lustful seekers for material wealth; not vain dreamers of a fountain of youth, or a golden treasure. High-minded, clean-thinking, able, strong, eager men and women they were. They set the measure for our land.

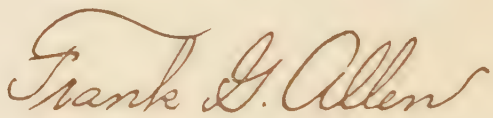
How shall we study them? There are many books to aid us. Here is one which offers a peculiarly eloquent interpretation, for its eloquence is of the colonists themselves, and their early successors. These colonial Americans sought that "learning might not be buried in the grave of our fathers." They believed with all their hearts that "education was a necessity, and it was immediately made as universal as possible." They felt that "their social structure rested upon a book."

Reviewing here in this unique volume the line of early writers in prose and verse, the historians and biographers, the descriptive and narrative writers, the theological and religious writers, the poets and versifiers, and those who set down their many thoughts in

prose, we see pass before us a mighty panorama of early American history — the history of men's minds, the trend of their thoughts, the reaches of their aspirations. To know our country we need to know the thoughts of those who played their great parts in building its foundations. Here is the dignity of simple things, the simplicity of dignified lives.

We revere men of action. Actions spring from thought. The writers of colonial New England set down the thoughts of their time, wrote an imperishable record of human aspiration.

Gathered here in these pages we find the thread of the early American drama. Many perhaps will be stirred by it to seek further, and to recapture something from the earnest writings of the colonists themselves. A book which awakens a desire for other books achieves a high purpose. To revitalize those thoughts which made our free land is a fine undertaking.



October 18, 1929.

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PREFACE

THIS book makes no pretensions to covering the field of New England Colonial literature in a detailed manner. Its purpose is, rather, a comprehensive survey, analysis, and evaluation of the New England colonist, his life, works, and literary significance.

TRENTWELL MASON WHITE
PAUL WILLIAM LEHMANN

Boston, Massachusetts
May the thirtieth
1 9 2 9

INTRODUCTION

It was in the year 1620. That little company of separatists but lately fled from England under the ministry of the saintly John Robinson had landed in Plymouth. "And as for the season, it was winter; and they that know the winters of that country know them to be sharp and violent, and subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search an unknown coast. Besides, what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men? And what multitudes there might be of them, they knew not. . . . For summer being done, all things stand upon them with a weather-beaten face; and the whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hue. If they looked behind them, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now as a main bar and gulf to separate them from all the civil parts of the world. 'But they cried unto the Lord and he heard their voice and looked on their adversity. . . . When they wandered in the desert wilderness out of the way, and found no city to dwell in, both hungry and thirsty, their soul was overwhelmed in them. Let them confess before the Lord his loving kindness, and his wonderful works before the sons of men.' "[1]

Faced by innumerable dangers from the savage, starvation and disease, still they pressed on, spurred by indomitable courage, urged by the call of freedom, by that voice which is not to be denied. "Yea, though they should lose their lives in this action, yet might they have comfort in the same, and their endeavor would be honorable."

[1] "Hist. Plm. Plantation" p. 26.

Thirteen years before, and but four hundred miles away to the south, another community, the first in America, had come into being: but how vastly different their viewpoint, their spirit — the whole underlying motive of their coming. In the Jamestown colony we find a company, besides one carpenter, two blacksmiths, two sailors, and a few others named "laborers," composed of "poor gentlemen, tradesmen, servingmen, libertines, and such like, ten times more fit to spoil a commonwealth than either begin one, or but help to maintain one."[2] What can we expect of a group of such individuals in assisting the development of a national literature or a national spirit. The units of their community were isolated: there were no schools, public libraries, literary institutions, printing presses; no religious freedom; no intellectual freedom. Such a group naturally tended to develop two distinct classes: one of vast landholders, arrogant and hospitable, passionate and indolent — a company of individuals from which may readily spring the country gentlemen, foxhunters, orators and politicians: sporadically, a man of literary ability, fostered mostly abroad; and possibly a few literary amateurs: but out of this, no true literary class — practically no literature; the other, a class of impoverished white plebians and black serfs. One cannot compare the Plymouth and Jamestown colonies in any respect except in personal bravery, and that in the south for the end of material gain and acquisition. Contrasting the two settlements we note the striking dissimilarity in every detail. The southerners, wealthy, indolent, here in the country for gold and riches. The Pilgrims here for but one purpose — intellectual and religious freedom.

[2] Capt. J. Smith, "Gen. Hist." I. p. 241.

Our first New England writers, though of English birth, reflected immediately in a more American way perhaps, than British the spirit of the new world in the color, the freedom of expression, the vision, and broadness of horizon. We find here a people inspired by the awful grandeur of their surroundings, amid the dangers that beset them from every side, writing the story of their sacrifices, their joys and sorrows, failures and successes in a manner that shows the first feeble pulsing of a national literature, a literature destined to take its place with the literature of the world. We find during the golden age of creation of the Elizabethan period when the literary horizon of England was aglow with the dazzling constellations of writers who have become our standards of comparisons and will always be, that a literature arose in America, perhaps not so polished, not so urbane as that born out of Shakespere, Johnson, Bacon, and Milton, but a literature which had for its *raison d'etre* the desire to be an instrument of immediate utility, a thing by which their public and private thoughts could be expressed so that the record of their accomplishments might live after them.

The first writings evolved from the desire in the minds and hearts of the Colonists to send back the news of themselves to the Mother Country where their friends awaited both anxiously and eagerly some information concerning their reactions to the new world and their adventures in that wilderness, after the safe and regulated homeland. In this class we find our earliest writings, those scribbled painfully on the way over, immediately upon arrival, and after machinery, social and governmental, had begun to function. These writings sent back news of successes and failures in the perilous adventure.

Another class of writings arose from those who sneered and scoffed at all things different from their own experiences, or could not coordinate themselves with existing conditions. Those who came to the new world, and were forced either by personal incompatibility of discontent or suggestion by those associated with them to return to England, were naturally vengeful, and in their accounts of doings across the water painted everything in as black and deadly a manner as possible. . . . Then, again, a group of reactionaries and bigots added to the chorus of injurious accounts and unsavory situations which existed in the colonies; and, hence, a share of the writings of the new Americans was given over to defences of the new land — that group of most distinctive writings called the *American Apologetics.*

A most characteristic phase of their writings, furthermore, dealt with that individual who in amity and enmity was so little understood, whose habits and customs were so different from anything in the colonists' experiences, and whose language and religion represented such curious phases — the American Indian. The colonists' thoughts were ever that the light of Christianity might be brought these savages, and that thus their souls would be saved out of their fierce and barbarous customs. These Indians were of much interest in England, and the accounts sent over by the colonists were read as avidly as any part of their activities. Scarcely a book or pamphlet was written that did not in some way introduce the dusky brother in an attempt to classify him and definitely explain his laws, and customs, and the rather tedious life of those who were forced to mingle with him in close relationship.

There is yet another phase which must surely be taken into account. These people were lately from England, where in comparison with the existence of contest and constant challenge in America, life flowed along like a dream. Their introduction to the new country provided them with scenes which they could never even imagine before — the vast expanses of untrammeled forests, the new plant life, and animal life, the earthquakes and tremendous storms which shook their habitations. All these things impressed themselves profoundly on the wanderers and gave rise to another type of writing—the descriptions of nature and its phenomena.

The situation demanded new social standards, new political and governmental forms, innovations in religion and in domestic relations. All these influences tended to the development of the type of literature that deals with such questions and which form a most important background for the understanding of our social customs and governmental traditions.

And, finally, there was much written which was not for the Mother Country at all but was composed for our people alone, developed for our needs and interests, the sermons, politics; the histories, and lastly the miscellaneous prose and attempted poetry.

The result of all this literary activity was the stimulation of interest on the part of the English people in the developments of the new country in the romantic and perilous side.

What kind of a people then, do we find in New England who gave birth to our literature? They were a prolific race, marrying early and often. They thronged our shores until 1640, in which year there

were twelve independent groups of colonists here, fifty towns, a total population of twenty-one thousand persons. But for something over one hundred years after that probably more people went back to the old world than came to the new. Population was sparse, food plentiful, work plentiful, and children were welcomed to the fireside as additional helpers in the work of settling the new land. "Pleasant examples of the early New England family meet one at almost every turn in the field of New England biography. The sturdy patriot, Roger Clap of Dorchester, was happy in the possession of fourteen children, among whom were Experience, Waistill, Preserved, Hopestill, Wait, Thanks, Desire, Unite, and Supply. Cotton Mather was not so abundant in children as he was in books, since of the former he had only fifteen. Benjamin Franklin was one of seventeen children; and in his autobiography, he recalls the cheerful picture of thirteen of them seated all at once at his father's table, who all arrived to years of maturity and were married. William Phipps, who attained the honor of knighthood, and became a royal governor of Massachusetts was the son of a poor gunsmith of Pemaquid and belonged to a flock of twenty-six children, all of them of the same father and mother and twenty-one of them sons." (Tyler's "History of Am. Lit." pp. 95-96.)

Of our ancestors we can say the same things as of people today, dividing them into the two classes of the "disciples of things as they are, and disciples of things as they ought to be." In the first class, we find besides those people of high and lofty nature in whose bosoms beat the pulse of deliberation and care, a vicious group of reactionaries and the original conservatives of our New England heritage, who through their laziness and sluggishness were too narrow, too

cowardly, to attempt the conquest of new and untracked territory, too frivolous to care for bettering their situation. In the second class, we find those malcontents and hair-brained asses who are ever on the move chiefly because it offers variety from the safe and straight path; individuals whose one idea was lawlessness, pillage, and depredation. But we find in this class also the type of man who anywhere has the courage of his convictions and the will to attempt the realization of them no matter what the obstacle, if the goal be high and worthy enough. These men had ideas, and they regarded the practice of them more earnestly than did they gold or life itself, and, above all, they had that lasting confidence in the over-mastering power of an all-seeing God in whom their destinies could be trusted and by whom their footsteps were guided. Nothing foolish was rejected because it was old, and nothing wise because it was new.

At no time before or since in English history has a greater activity of mind been directed toward researches into the very roots of this than during this time. It was this latter class of Englishmen, the emotionally aroused group of loosely linked individuals who were not living for physical comfort, not tied to precedents, not afraid of ideas, that constituted a large share of the twenty-one thousand souls who came over between 1620 and 1640. These men were thinkers of a kind, and they would stick by the results of their thinking even though the cost were great. We find them representing all creeds, faiths, denominations, and political associations. There were all degrees of intellectual radicalism from the non-conformists to the separatists. The most significant thing that differentiates the New England colonies from those of the other sections is the fact that these people came

here for no material benefit, only an ideal one. They sought spiritual relief and freedom. It was a thinking community, an association of the brain. Life was a sacred opportunity not to be thrown away; it was a battle not to be lost. Never were men so consistent and logical in theory and practice. Religion was the chief thing they thought and lived. The church became the state; politics, a department of theology. They looked to their ministers as men able to solve the most intricate problems of their lives, and no riddle ever was too involved for their solution. To these people, prayer was more than a devout soliloquy or an exercise in spiritual gymnastics. "When they prayed, they thought they moved the hand that moved the world." They felt that their prayers were answered regularly and that feeling gave rise to a more earnest and intense belief and practice of praying. So we find such passages as this in Mather's "Magnalia": "Mr. Wilson (whose parishioner (Mr. Adam's) daughter was dangerously ill he had heard) looking up to heaven began mightily to wrestle with God for the life of the young woman . . . then turning himself about unto Mr. Adams, 'Brother' said he, 'I trust your daughter shall live: I believe in God she shall recover of this sickness.' And it marvellously came to pass, and she is now the fruitful mother of several desirable children."

But this intensity could have its darker sides. It suppressed the sweetness, the light-heartedness, making conscientiousness scrupulosity; rectitude asceticism making punishment a species of retribution. Their zeal became intolerance of the worst kind where cruelty and violence held sway. Such things as smiling in church, laughing freely in one's chamber, wearing costlier apparel than one's neighbor, taking tobacco — a

heinous sin, having long hair for the men — all these acts were crimes of the highest order and were punished accordingly in cruel and unjust manner.

Their scheme of legal punishment was again a product of theology rather than jurisprudence. They measured out penalties according to the moral and ecclesiastical "odiousness" of each crime, not upon its sociologically evil effect. These people, therefore, developed into persecutors, bigots, and zealous narrow-minds whose religion was the only religion. A leading member of Westminster Assembly said: "Toleration is so prodigious an impiety that this religious parliament cannot but abhor the meaning of it." Nathaniel Ward says, "Every toleration of false religions and opinions hath as many errors and sins in it as all the false religions and opinions it tolerates." Nathaniel Hawthorne's observation and recommendation is surely one to be adopted by us today: "Let us thank God for having given us such ancestors; and let each successive generation thank Him not less fervently for being one step further from them in the march of ages."

The receipt for making a commonwealth like New England was given by a southerner, a Virginian, to one who asked him. He said: "It consisted of four ingredients, 'Town meetings, training days, town schools and ministers." These, we have said, were a scholarly people. They had become used to the pen in England, and it was a community of men of affairs, country gentlemen, teachers, and clergymen, who made up this literary class. There were things romantic, picturesque, mysterious in their new life that inspired them to the working out of problems of all sorts. It was a time "when men lived in a grander way, with ampler hospitality," as Long-

fellow says. These people quoted the classics freely. This is perhaps one of our greatest arguments with these early writers — their fluency and superfluity of Latinized and Greek expressions. Their minds were not provincial. The printing press in New England during the seventeenth century was in chaos. There were all sorts of provisions laid upon the functioning of the first and only one for a long time in Cambridge at Harvard College.

There were other disadvantages. These writers lived a long way from the repositories of the world's best books and from the current of the world's best thinking. They fed on the Hebrew scriptures and classics of Roman and Greek literatures, but turned away from the literary classics of their own day, a narrowing situation, patently. But what they lacked in culture and literary movement range polish, however, they made up in enthusiasm and zeal. While in their soul the aesthetic sense was nearly crushed by their creed, it was still there slightly, and was slenderly nourished by their pure and wholesome natures. It but awaited the opportunity of freedom for an expression of it. "They who have their eyes fixed in adoration upon the beauty of holiness, are not far from the sight of all beauty." We owe whatever we may develop in architecture, sculpture, poetry, prose, to these earnest and stalwart ancestors who though in the chains of cruel and oppressive religious zeal and fervor did, nevertheless, leave the stamp of something immeasurably wonderful as our birthright and heritage.

There was an extraordinary number of learned men and scholars among the New England colonists, and it is said by one author that probably between 1630 and 1690 there were as many graduates of Oxford and Cambridge in New England as could be found in any

settlement of similar size in the old world. Furthermore, it was estimated that in the early part of that period there was in Massachusetts and Connecticut a graduate of Cambridge for every two hundred and fifty inhabitants, besides sons of Oxford, not a few. There were some men of real scholarship adjudged so even by the heroic standards of the seventeenth century in John Cotton, John Davenport, Richard Mather, Eliot, Norton, Hooker, Williams, Ward, Stone, Bulkley, Shepard, Dunster, and Chauncey. In the laity were men of considerable learning such as the elder and younger Winthrop, Thomas Dudley, Simon Bradstreet, Brewster, William Bradstreet, Bradford, Pyncheon, Gookin and Hayes. No other community honored learning so much. Their social structure rested upon a book. Education was a necessity, and it was immediately made as universal as possible. By 1647 every colony in New England had made public instruction a necessity, compulsory except in Rhode Island. So that "learning might not be buried in the grave of our fathers," they began early to fit their sons for the university where the classics and philosophies might be early given to the youths. The learned class was indeed a nobility among them. A book of learning was indeed a treasure that was looked upon as an estate. Their earnestness was closely connected with their endeavors and their looking upon life as a serious proposition was most characteristic.

Chapter One

HISTORIANS AND BIOGRAPHERS

William Bradford
John Winthrop
John Mason
Nathaniel Morton
Edward Johnson
Daniel Gookin
John Callender
William Douglass
William Hubbard
Increase Mather
Richard Mather
Cotton Mather
Samuel Mather
Samuel Niles
Thomas Prince
Ebenezer Turell

WILLIAM BRADFORD

William Bradford, because of his genuine manliness, his leadership of men; because of his calm, unbiased, and authentic account of the first Colonial days as narrated in his "History of Plymouth Plantation," deserves pre-eminently to be known as the father of Early Colonial History as well as of American Historical literature.

He was born in Austerfield, Yorkshire, in 1590. As a youth, at the age of seventeen, he fled with a group of separatists under the leadership of John Robinson from England to Holland; thirteen years later he appeared on the Mayflower as a prominent man in the same group who first set foot on these New England shores at Plymouth. From 1621, until 1657, he was chosen each year as governor of the colony, excepting on five occasions when "by importunity he got off."

Bradford's chief contribution to the literature of his period is his simply constructed and orderly history, told "in a plain style, with singular regard unto the simple truth in all things." The extraordinary history of this book itself is interesting. It may be summarized as follows: In manuscript form as it was left by its author, it came into the possession of his nephew, Nathaniel Morton, who resorted to it frequently as a basis for his "New England's Memorial" published in 1699. In a similar manner Thomas Prince drew from it in part for his "Chronological History of New England." Prince, after his death, left the manuscript in the tower of the Old South Church, Boston. Here it was again faithfully referred to because of its authenticity by one Thomas Hutchinson, author of the

"History of Massachusetts Bay." In 1775 the British plundered this library, destroying it carelessly and without regard for its contents. A search in the remains failed to reveal the Bradford Manuscript which was then given up for lost for a hundred years. Not until 1855 was the manuscript again heard of when, with great rejoicing on the part of American History students, it was found in the Fulham Library belonging to the Bishop of London, where it was at once copied and then published in this country.[1]

Governor Bradford was by no means a mere worker of the soil and builder of log cabins. It was his good providence to be possessed of a calm and serious mind, well-poised to meet the many serious problems and situations which confronted him. He was well read and was given to frequent quotations in his writings and speech, taken from the classics. In his old age he became a serious student of Hebrew, and in addition, spoke Greek, Latin, Dutch, and French.

The book is the narrative of all that passed under the eyes of Bradford or for which he was responsible through his direction. In characteristic thoroughness he goes back to "the very root and rise of" The Plymouth Plantation tracing the persecutions and sufferings of a humble congregation in England; their departure to Holland and of "the reasons and causes of their removal beyond the vast and furious ocean." Finally, after much serious discussion of the perils to be encountered in savage-ridden America, careful plans were laid for provisions, vessel, and its safe clearance of the British Coast. Pathetically, the author describes their arrival and the bleakness of "The whole country, full of woods and thickets, . . . a wild and savage hue," in an eloquence that rings with the fervor of

[1] In 4 Massachusetts Historical Society Coll. III.

emotion: "Being thus arrived in a good harbor and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of Heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the perils and miseries thereof, again to set their feet on the firm and stable earth, their proper element . . . . And for the season it was winter; and they that know the winters of that country know them to be sharp and violent, and subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search an unknown coast. Besides, what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men? Neither could they, as it were, go up to the top of Pisgah" . . . . in an endeavor to find in the neighboring regions a more hopeful aspect . . . . "for which way soever they turned their eyes (save upwards to the heavens) they could have little solace or content in respect of any outward objects. For summer being done, all things stand upon them with a weatherbeaten face; and the whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hue. If they looked behind them, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now as a main bar and gulf to separate them from all the civil parts of the world. . . . What could now sustain them but the spirit of God and His Grace? . . . . When they wandered in the desert wilderness out of the way, and found no city to dwell in, both hungry and thirsty, their soul was overwhelmed in them. Let them confess before the Lord His loving-kindness, and His wonderful works before the sons of men."[2]

The sombre, nay, grave account continues year by year depicting the serious as well as the more pleasant

[2] History f Plymouth Plantation, pp. 78-80.

occurrences of that simple yet unstable life, . . its privation, hopelessness, sickness and death: its roughness, toil and unhappy outbreaks of crime. Yet in spite of these cruel, disillusioning occurrences they continued with an indomitable spirit, keen diplomacy, farsighted statesmanship, piety, and philanthrophy never seriously harboring the thought of retreat.

We have today among our contemporaries many, who because they are able to trace their blue blood to these who first touched the granite of Plymouth Rock, who would have us see these Pilgrims in a light other than that which really encompassed them. In a contrary manner there are those who utterly scorn these martyrs and would, with a gesture, annihilate them from the pages of our history and reduce them to the limbo.

Certainly these people were human. True, some were over-devout and saintly, driven no doubt, through their fears and anxieties to the only harbor of refuge they knew — the Bible. Yet those who were sincere in these expressions were perhaps in the minority . . . many, no doubt, attending divine worship merely for physical protection or, as today, for appearances. However, we find these same Fathers, who through the fog of oratory, and laudatory remarks are reverently applauded today, gave voice at the time to "discontents and murmurings" as well as to "mutinous speeches."[3]

Nevertheless, they had undertaken their task for the honor of "king and country" and "for the glory of God, and the advancement of the Christian faith."

Thus our first historian gives us directly with a style embodying gracious dignity and force and with justice

[3] History of Plymouth Plantation, pp. 90-91.

to all, a comprehensive survey of the first Colonial years.

He continued his task until 1646 when, forced by his old age and the cares of public office, it was brought to a conclusion, satisfactorily complete, unselfish, and accurate.

JOHN WINTHROP

In the spring of 1630 a group of aristocratic, wealthy, and socially cultivated people, probably the most august group that ever emigrated from the England they loved to America, set sail from Cowes, Isle of Wight, in a fleet of four vessels. These people were not driven through poverty, lust, or besmirched character, to seek a new land; nor were they enticed by the frenzy of adventure to seek a change in a land but little known. "With bitter tears they left behind them their own comfortable homes to face an unknown . . . . unknown except for the not encouraging information they had of the savage-infested forests . . . . prompted entirely by the shrewdest statesmanship and enhanced by the loftiest motives of self-denial. Their act was of their own choosing; they still loved their England with all her faults of church and state."

Notable among this group was John Winthrop, who had been already chosen Governor of the Massachusetts company. A man of strong intellect, adamant of character, and catholic of opinion, he was well equipped at the age of forty-two to lead this new Puritan colony. Not given to make-shifts, he laid a solid foundation on which to build his colony permanently. Winthrop was born at Groton, Suffolk, of a family of great esteem and wealth. He studied the law as his father and grandfather did before him, and was well trained, therefore, through home environment and schooling in the fundamental principles so necessary to the launching of a new settlement. During the more than two-months voyage, Winthrop meditated at great length on the problems which confronted him and his com-

pany, concluding that in order to keep courageous, hopeful, and to endeavor to reach an ultimate success, each member must carry into every act and at all times a true Christ-like spirit. This thought became paramount with Winthrop and asserted itself finally in a "Model of Christian Charity."[4] In this treatise he elaborates on the Christian doctrine of unselfishness; he points with gravity to the perilous and struggling life which confronted them. Through no other channels than those of patient self-denial, lofty motives, and sincerity of purpose, can they hope to meet successfully the tasks which lie before them. "We must be knit together in this work as one man. We must entertain each other in brotherly affection. We must be willing to abridge ourselfes of our superfluities for the supply of other's necessities. We must uphold a familiar commerce together, in all meekness, gentleness, patience, and liberality. We must delight in each other; make others' condition our own; rejoice together, mourn together, labor and suffer together, always having before our eyes our commission and community in the work as members of the same body."[5] No doubt, this discourse had a strong tendency to encourage and better prepare each individual for his great task of serving the community as a whole first, setting aside personal motives at all times in favor of those which were of community interest.

As well as writing this treatise enroute, Winthrop also began his journal which eventually grew to be "The History of New England." While still in the harbor of Cowes, he began on Easter Monday, March the 29th, 1630, his almost daily account recording faithfully the life at sea, changes of the winds, the

[4] Printed in 3 Mass. Soc. Coll. VII, pp. 31-48.

[5] Ibid.

various moods of the oceans, and the ship-life frequently broken by prayers and sermons. Other items offer an opportunity for the comparison of seventeenth century travel with that of the sharp differences of the present time. Finally, on June eighth, "we had sight of land to the northwest about ten leagues . . . . and so pleasant a sweet air as did much refresh us, and there came a smell off the shore like the smell of a garden."[6]

Judging from his pages, Winthrop was an extremely busy man. Very often a great day is reduced to a mere line or two, written laboriously no doubt because of great fatigue. Now and again breaks and blank spaces occur. Yet in spite of these omissions it is a sturdy, straightforward, and true account of those stern days continuing for nearly twenty years up to within a few weeks of the author's death in 1649. Winthrop wrote with the sole purpose of narrating facts and truth; his tone is often judicial, and whether it concerns the author or not, his words are unmixed and unvarnished. That he wrote without respect to style is apparent: he goes squarely to the heart of the matter and is done. Occurrences great and small are faithfully recorded; the suffering, weariness, and pettiness of life are all here. "My son, Henry Winthrop, was drowned at Salem."[7] "A cow died at Plymouth, and a goat at Boston, with eating Indian corn."[8] "Billington executed at Plymouth for murdering one."[9]

"The governor and deputy and Mr. Nowell . . . went to Watertown to confer with Mr. Phillips, the pastor, and Mr. Brown, the elder, . . . about an

[6] John Winthrop's "History on New England" I, p. 27.
[7] John Winthrop "History of New England" I, p. 34.
[8] Ibid p. 44.
[9] Ibid p. 43.

opinion which they had published that the churches of Rome were true churches. The matter was debated before many of both congregations, and by the approbation of all the assembly except three, was concluded an error."[10] "At the same court one Henry Linne was shipped and banished for writing letters into England full of slander against our government and orders of our churches."[11]

Weaving as the slender cord of vitality, the good governor comes again and again into this chronicle, appearing always in a modest unassuming manner. Unfearful of the contemplation of posterity he relates: "The governor being at his farmhouse at Mistick, walked out after supper, and took a piece in his hand supposing he might see a wolf; . . . and being about half a mile off, it grew suddenly dark, so as, in coming home, he mistook his path, and went until he came to a little house of Sagamore John, which stood empty." . . . . Here he spent the night walking, singing psalms, and getting wood for his fire . . . "But could not sleep. It was through God's mercy a warm night; but a little before day it began to rain, and having no cloak he made shift by a long pole to climb up into the house. In the morning there came thither an Indian squaw, but perceiving her before she had opened the door, he barred her out; yet she stayed there a great while, essaying to get in, and at last she went away, and he returned safe home, his servants having been much perplexed for him, and having walked about, and shot off pieces, and hallooed in the night; but he heard them not."[12]

A farmer named Dalkin, living in Medford was

[10] Ibid p. 70.
[11] Ibid p. 73.
[12] John Winthrop's "History of New England" I, pp. 74-75.

proceeding home at night with his wife and had to cross the river at the ford before the tide had fallen. "The husband adventured over, and finding it too deep persuaded his wife to stay awhile: but it raining very sore, she would needs adventure over, and was carried away with the stream past her depth. Her husband, not daring to go help her, cried out; and thereupon his dog, being at his house nearby, came forth, and seeing something in the water, swam to her: and she caught hold of the dog's tail, so he drew her to the shore and saved her life."[13]

Not unfrequently mention is made of the strange psychological phenomena which visited these people. It does not seem strange that their weary, and quite often, fearful minds could imagine, in the mysteries of the unknown land and sea which lay around them, the strange phenomena here recorded. Queer visions passed before their eyes on the outskirts of their clearings, voices were heard in the air, and grotesque figures would sweep across the waters.

"About midnight three men coming in a boat to Boston, saw two lights arise out of the water near the north point of the town cove, in form like a man, and went at a small distance to the town, and so to the south point, and there vanished away. They saw them about a quarter of an hour, being between the town and the governor's garden. The like was seen by many, a week after, arising about Castle Island, and in one fifth of an hour came to John Gallop's Point. . . . A light like the moon arose about the northeast point in Boston, and met the former at Nottle's Island, and there they closed in one, and then parted, and closed and parted divers times, and

[13] Ibid II, p. 195.

so went over the hill in the island and vanished. Sometimes they shot out flames and sometimes sparkles. This was about eight of the clock in the evening, and was seen by many. About the same time a voice was heard upon the water between Boston and Dorchester, calling out in a most dreadful manner, 'Boy! Boy! Come away! Come away!' and it suddenly shifted from one place to another a great distance about twenty times. It was heard by divers godly persons."[14]

Probably the best, most read, and most celebrated part of Winthrop's history is that section embodying his speech given in the general court in 1645, after his acquittal "of the charge of having exceeded his authority as deputy governor." The entire speech rendered under touching circumstances is replete with pathos, calm sober eloquence, and austere nobility. Claiming particular attention is that portion of pre-eminent merit dealing with the nature of liberty. "A distinguished American publicist has declared that this is the best definition of liberty in the English language, and that in comparison with it what Blackstone says about liberty seems puerile."[15]

"The great questions," says Winthrop, "that have troubled the country, are about the authority of the magistrates and the liberty of the people. . . . Concerning liberty, I observe a great mistake in the country about that. There is a twofold liberty, natural . . . and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this, man as he stands in relation to man simply, both liberty to do what he lists; it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and cannot endure the least restraint of the

[14] John Winthrop's "History of New England" I, pp. 184-185.
[15] Tyler's "American Literature during the Colonial Time" I.

most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty makes men grow more evil, and in time to be worse than brute beasts: "omnes sumus licentia deterioes."[16] This is that great enemy of truth and peace, that wild beast, which all the ordinances of God are bent against, to restrain and subdue it. The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal: it may also be termed moral, in reference to the covenant between God and man, in the moral law, and the political covenants and constitutions amongst men themselves. This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard not only of your goods but of your lives, if need be. Whatsoever crosseth this, is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained and exercised in a way of subjection to authority; it is of the same kind of liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. . . . If you stand for your natural corrupt liberties, and will do what is good in your own eyes, you will not endure the least weight of authority, but will murmur, and oppose, and be always striving to shake off that yoke; but if you will be satisfied to enjoy such civil and lawful liberties, such as Christ allows you, then will you quietly and cheerfully submit unto that authority which is set over you, in all the administrations of it, for your good. Wherein, if we fail at any time, we hope we shall be willing by God's assistance to hearken to good advice from any of you, or in any other way of God; so shall your liberties be preserved in upholding the honor and power of authority amongst you."[17]

[16] Terence, Heautontimorumenos III, 1, p. 74 with slight variation.
[17] John Winthrop's "History of New England" II, pp. 279-282.

CAPTAIN JOHN MASON

Captain John Mason, the historian as well as the hero of the first of the only two serious conflicts with the Indians — the Pequot was in 1637 and King Philip's war in 1675 — wrote his account, "The History of the Pequot War"[18] at the recommendation of the general court of Connecticut. Less famous now than Captain Miles Standish, he was, at the time, his equal in reputation and renown, his very name being a well-spring of comfort to the pioneers at the scattered firesides and a veritable terror to the Indian tribes. Like Miles Standish he had been trained in military tactics in the Netherlands under Sir Thomas Fairfax who, later, when fighting was going on in England, remembered his former pupil and invited him to return to England. Fortunately, Captain Mason felt he had important work to do on this side of the Atlantic and remained.

Mason, who had no literary ambitions, wrote as he fought: roughly, vigorously, and with manly directness. Later, when he heard of the publication of his history, he said: "I never had thought that this should have come to press . . .; if I had, I should have endeavored to have put a little more varnish upon it."[19] Fortunate we are then for his modesty, for we like the savor of his frankness, Puritanical simplicity, and unvarnished authenticity.

The first assaults, acts of violence, and perfidy of the Pequots, beginning with "about the year 1632," are related until, in the year 1637, when the Indians had,

[18] Published by Thomas Prince in 1736. Reprinted in 2 Mass. Historical Coll. 8, pp. 120-153.

[19] The History of the Pequot War in 2 Mass. Historical Coll. 8, p. 128.

through conspiracy with other tribes, arranged for the complete annihilation of the whites in Connecticut. Their position "did look very sad, for those Pequots were a great people, being strongly fortified, cruel, warlike, munitioned, and so forth; and the English but an handful in comparison."[20] Courageously the English gathered two small armies, under the leadership of Captain John Underwood and Mason, pushed into the enemy territory where, under cover of night, they secreted themselves in the woods near the Pequot fort at Mystic. Here the soldiers lay down, "much wearied with hard travel, keeping great silence; . . . the rocks were our pillows; yet rest was pleasant. . . . We appointed our guards and placed our sentinels at some distance, who heard the enemy singing at the fort, who continued that strain until midnight, with great insult and rejoicing."[21]

At that hour when night is darkest, the whites awakened, cautiously picked their way to the fort, and, finding the Pequots fast asleep, forced their way in. The Captain realizing that sword and musket were too slow, "told them that we should never kill them after that manner; . . . we must burn them; and immediately stepping into the wigwam . . . brought out a firebrand, and putting it into the mats with which they were covered, set the wigwams on fire. . . . When it was thoroughly kindled the Indians ran as men most dreadfully amazed. And indeed such a dreadful terror did the Almighty let fall upon their spirits, that they would fly from us and run into the very flames. . . . And when the fort was thoroughly fired, command was given that all should fall off and surround the fort." The fire quickly over-

[20] The History of the Pequot War in 2 Mass. Historical Coll. 8, p. 132.

[21] Ibid pp. 137-138.

ran the fort, much to the amazement of the Indians, and we find "some of them climbing to the top of the palisado; others of them running into the very flames; many of them gathering to windward, lay pelting at us with their arrows, and we repaid them with our small shot. Others of the stoutest issued forth, as we did guess, to the number of forty—who perished by the sword. . . . Thus were the stout-hearted spoiled, having slept their last sleep; . . . Thus did the Lord judge among the heathen, filling the place with dead bodies. . . . In little more than one hour's space was their impregnable fort, with themselves, utterly destroyed, to the number of six or seven hundred. . . . There were only seven taken captive, and about seven escaped."[22]

And in this way the famous "Mystic-fight" ended for thirty-eight years any serious outbreak on the part of the Indians, and on the part of the Pequots for ever. Of course, there were occasional murders and innumerable petty disturbances, but until King Philip's War in 1675 there were no far-reaching, concerted endeavors which seriously threatened to exterminate the English settlements. After a few more bloody incidents, the author closes in song of exultation to Jehovah who spares His people and destroys their enemies.

[22] The History of the Pequot War in 2 Mass. Hist. Coll. 8, pp. 139-141.

NATHANIEL MORTON

Nathaniel Morton, a veritable "yea-sayer"[23] of his uncle, William Bradford, was born in England in 1623, and was adopted, following his father's death in 1624, into the family of his illustrious uncle. At the age of thirty-two he was elected secretary of Plymouth Colony, which office he continued to hold until his death in 1685.

By virtue of his office, his life in the colony almost from its inception, and through his intimate acquaintance with the leading men his contemporaries, Morton was led to the publishing of his history in 1669, "New England's Memorial." Until the publication of Bradford's history, Morton's "Memorial" enjoyed, for a period of nearly two hundred years, the distinction of being an original document on the history of Plymouth Colony. It was popular in the time of Thomas Prince, the historian, who mentions[24] that in his childhood he received his instruction in New England history from Morton's "Memorial." We cannot criticize Morton too severely as a copyist, because in an almost pathetic manner he says: "Let not the harshness of my style prejudice thy taste of appetite to the dish I present thee with. Accept it as freely as I give it. Carp not at what thou dost not approve, . . . so it may be a help to thee in thy journey . . . . to that eternal rest which is only to found in the heavenly Canaan."[25] Since the publication of Bradford's manuscript, Morton's "Memorial" is utterly unread, inas-

[23] Compare Morton pp. 19-20 with Bradford's pp. 23-24.
" " 23-24 " " " 59-60.
" " 30-32 " " " 67-70.
" " 35-36 " " " 78-79.

[24] Prince, Preface of "Chron. Hist. of New England."

[25] Morton's "Memorial" p. 16.

much as the student of our early history turns to that source from which Morton drew.

The title page indicates that the history is "a brief relation of the most memorable and remarkable passages of the providence of God manifested to the planters of New England in America, with special reference to the first colony thereof called New Plymouth."[26] His source was chiefly Bradford's manuscript, which ends in 1646, and that of Winslow which probably continued until 1649. From this time on the author relates from time to time just what one would expect from any historical copyist lacking force and individuality — a dribble of obituary notices.

[26] Title-page "New England's Memorial."

EDWARD JOHNSON

Captain Edward Johnson, we consider here not as a true historian and less as a contributor to the literature of his period, but rather because he was the outstanding serio-comic religious fanatic of his time.

As an historian Johnson cannot be taken literally or too seriously because in his fanaticism he went to extremes and gives us anything but a calm, unbiased, and catholic opinion.

That he had no literary ambitions is manifested in his style which shows no pleasure in a carefully turned word or delight in a well tuned expression. Rather he wrote as he had lived, handling his pen as he did the sword and broad axe, but feeling that it was his providence to do so under divine inspiration. Worthy of note, however, is the fact that Johnson, during the frenzy of witchcraft remained cool at all times and opposed the prosecution of these unfortunate hags who were supposed to have contact with the devil.

Johnson epitomizes the vitriolic Puritan. He was rigidly devout; his common-sense made itself felt throughout the community; he was a capable leader in the field of battle; he was entrusted and honored by almost every public office; he was a ship-carpenter and farmer, — unread and unlettered.

Because of the lies broadcast in England by Sir Christopher Gardiner, Thomas Morton, and Philip Ratcliff, concerning the people of the colonies, Johnson felt that it was the duty of the colonists to refute these falsehoods by the truth. This truth Johnson well knew, and under the quaint caption of "The Wonder-Working Providence of Zion's Savior in New England," he tells it vigorously, as he felt it his

bounden duty to do. Characteristically then, Johnson turns to the very beginning, recalling that in 1628, in England, he called: "All you, the people of Christ that are here oppressed, imprisoned, and scurrilously derided, gather yourselves together, your wives and little ones, and answer to your several names, as you shall be shipped for his service in the western world, and more especially for planting the united colonies of New England, where you are to attend the service of the King of Kings."[27]

And so Captain Johnson, with his spiritual crusaders emigrated in 1630 from Herne Hill, Kent, became the founder of Woburn, Massachusetts in 1640, where he lived until his death in 1672.

He launched himself into this spiritual crusade with all his vigor and might, having divine faith in that the Lord would furnish him with all necessary sustenance to carry on the work.

His expressions betray the emotions which prompted them: "brethern and fellow-soldiers," "this poor people," "howling desert," "marching manfully on — the Lord assisting — through the greatest difficulties and forest labors that ever any with such weak means have done"; "Great Lord Paramount"; some were to "have the battering and beating down, scaling, winning, and wasting the overtopping towers of the hierarchy"; they were well provided against temptation and pain "as Death, the King of Terror, with all his dreadful attendance inhumane and barbarous, tortures doubled and trebled by all the infernal furies, have appeared but light and momentary to the soldiers of Christ Jesus, so also the pleasure, profits, and honors of this world, set forth in their most glorious splendor

[27] "Wonder Working Providence."

and magnitude by the alluring Lady of Delight, proffering pleasant embrases, cannot entice with her siren songs such soldiers of Christ, whose aims are elevated by him many millions above that brave warrior Ulysses."[28]

Of a more meritorious nature are the rather florid and laudatory sketches of his fellow-men "the grave, godly, and judicious Hooker," "the reverend and much-desired Mr. John Cotton," "the reverend and holy man of God, Mr. Nathaniel Rogers," and "the holy, heavenly, sweet-affecting, and soul-ravishing minister, Mr. Thomas Shepard." His leaning to those of a secular life is manifest.

In a like manner he is profoundly contemptuous of unlicensed preachers, heretics, and agitators. He points to Anne Hutchinson scornfully and calls her the "master-piece of woman's wit": she is "backed by the sorcery of a second who had much converse with the devil";[29] she is "the grand-mistress of them all who ordinarily prated every Sabbath day."[30]

With Puritanical grimness he says of the war with the Pequots: "The Lord in mercy toward his poor churches, having thus destroyed these bloody barbarous Indians, he returns his people in safety to their vessels, where they take account of their prisoners. The squaws and some young youths they brought home with them; and finding the men to be deeply guilty of the crimes they undertook the war for, they brought away only their heads."[31]

"The colonists, under Captain John Mason, completely surprised the Pequots at the break of dawn,

[28] Ibid.
[29] Ibid p. 100.
[30] Ibid p. 132.
[31] Ibid p. 117.

killed six or seven hundred, and took seven captives. About seven escaped."

The comic aspect which develops out of the very seriousness of the history becomes laughable when this carpenter rises to verse. It was his habit to introduce all prominent persons with a poem, the following of which dedicated to the celebrated Hugh Peters, "for the future remembrance," will suffice;

> "With courage, bold Peters, a soldier stout,
> In wilderness, for Christ, begins to war;
> Much work he finds 'mongst people, yet holds out;
> With fluent tongue he stops fantastic jar."[32]

[32] Ibid p. 79.

DANIEL GOOKIN

A very pleasant encounter among the contributors of colonial literature is that which introduces the student to that genial sage Daniel Gookin. Having been, through the ruthlessness of time, unfortunately shelved and carelessly forgotten, he is, in consequence, little known, little read, unheralded, and unsung. Surely his desserts have been unwarranted: his every act, deed, and thought was of noble character that they should ever be glorified and cherished as fitting the better type of Puritan of whom there were none too many. We find that his intellectual capacity was unusual; that his ideas were sound, broad, noble, and practical; that, in his style, he happily refrained from the torture of pedantic and ornate rhetoric: that he had ability to lead, govern, and write, being possessed of those cardinal virtues — unbiased opinion, far-sightedness, and truth.

Gookin was born about 1612 and emigrated to Virginia in 1621. Here he grew to be a thorough Puritan theologically and politically. In 1643 he moved to Massachusetts where in May of the following year he became a freeman. The cause of his removal from Virginia was probably due to a wave of religious intolerance which swept fitfully throughout Virginia — and Christendom — at this time.

In Cambridge he was soon recognized as a capable public servant and thenceforth was constantly involved in matters of war, peace, piety, and politics, until he was finally honored as commander-in-chief of the colonial military forces.

On two different occasions he went to England — in 1655 and in 1657 — where he was graciously received

as a friend by the Protector. Later, through Gookin, Cromwell suggested that these toilers of the rugged New England shores should abandon their project and seek the unruffled shores and more hospitable climate of Jamaica.

Of his many and divers charges and responsibilities, this patriot, through his humane spirit, probably most enjoyed and suffered from his position as superintendent of the Indians within the borders of Massachusetts. Their problems were his problems; and, with a spirit of generosity and fidelity, he performed his duties with a spirit which rarely eminates from a public office.

When, in 1675 and 1676, the red men of New England under the leadership of King Philip organized in their second and final serious attempt to annihilate the white settlers, Gookin and Eliot were prominent among those of a very small minority to plead coolness, Christian sympathy, and common sense. Stupendous courage! Yet Gookin was not pleading unwittingly. He knew his ground well and, through his converted Indians, was well informed months ahead of the decision of King Philip to attempt to regain the lost hunting grounds. Doggedly, Gookin withstood the fierce storm of public denunciation which broke from every quarter and met his every move. He was denounced as a traitor; he was hooted; he was hated. But this last ditch fighter weathered the storm, and shortly before the conclusion of his thirty years as superintendent, he rode into public acclaim on a wave which surpassed that which bore him down. The occasion for the latter was due to the tooth and nail encounter Gookin gave those rapacious robbers of James the Second — Randolph and Andros, — who found in Gookin an unconquerable purpose of mind — he who

first pronounced the battle cry that rang for the next century — no taxation without representation.

Gookin was past sixty years of age when he announced his intention of writing the "Historical Collections of the Indians of New England" — two most comprehensive and philosophical treatises, the first of which was dedicated to Charles the Second upon its completion in 1674. In the postscript of his first work the author mentions that the work "might have been drawn by a more able pen," but "being unwilling that a matter of so great concernment for the honor of God and the good of men, should be buried in oblivion, I have adventured in my old age, and in a plain style, to draw some rude lineaments of God's beautiful work in this land." The author relates that he finds himself "clogged with so many avocations, as my public employ among the English and Indians . . . . so that I cannot proceed in this work so vigorously as I desire. . . . If this tract concerning the Indians find acceptance, I shall be the more encouraged to finish and send forth the other"; and, finally, "I shall endeavor that it be drawn according to truth."[33]

The first volume treats of the customs, morals, religious beliefs, and government of the Indians. It is more elaborate in its discussion of those red men who forsook their paganism for Christianity, and affectionately touches on those noble white men who gave unstintingly of their devotion and teaching to these Indians. The work is an orderly arrangement, calm and clear; it bulges with authentic data concerning those

[33] This work was unpublished for 118 years when, in 1792, it found type in 1 Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll. I, p. 226, which is the edition here referred to.

whose fate it was to retreat and perish before the advance of the white settlers.

The second work was complete in 1677, lost, found again in England, and returned to this country, where it was finally printed in 1863.[34]

Gookin's second work, "An Historical Account of the Doings and Sufferings of the Christian Indians in New England," dedicated to Robert Boyle, was prompted by a desire to vindicate certain Indians who were innocent sufferers at the time of King Philip's War. The white inhabitants were incensed to a delirious fury at this outbreak, and avenged their fury alike on Christian or pagan Indian, friend or foe. Without a trace of bitterness, Gookin writes of the repeated warnings these Indians gave of the threatened assault, and finally, when hostilities became active, of their invaluable aid given freely as soldiers, scouts, and spies. They remained faithful to the end in spite of the atrocious treatment received at the hands of the whites; they were treated with contempt and distrusted; they were denied ordinary comforts, and were even murdered in cold blood. These converts had learned how to suffer in silence and to bear their hardships with fortitude better than did their white superiors, long embraced of Christian virtues.[35] Continuing, this grand old man says: "I had need apologize for this long story concerning the Indians. But the true reason of being so particular is that I might, in the words of truth and soberness, clear

[34] By Am. Antiqu. Soc. in Archaol. Am. II, pp. 423-534.

[35] In lieu of the unbalanced and often erroneous opinions held of the American Indian we quote the following from S. L. White's "Daniel Boone" as published by Allyn and Bacon, Ch. VIII p. 75 ff. "There are two schools of opinion about the Indians, ... and . . . . the truth lies somewhere between them. One school paints him as a fiend incarnate, without a single redeeming feature, a wild beast . . . ."

the innocency of those Indians unto all pious and impartial men that shall peruse this script; and so far as in me lies, to vindicate the band of God and religion that these Christians profess and practice; and to declare I cannot join with the multitude that would cast them all into the same lump with the profane and brutish heathen, who are as great enemies to our Christian Indians as they are to the English.[36]

[36] Archaeol. Am. II, pp. 461-462.

JOHN CALLENDER

John Callender, who was minister of the First Baptist Church of Newport, Rhode Island, contributed in 1739, "An Historical Discourse," which well deserves remembrance because of the quality of the work as well as the genuine methods employed in making the inquiry. His work relates the history of Rhode Island during its first century of existence and is commendable for its antiquarian spirit, for its calmness of tones, and for the poise the author retains in his reference to the uncomfortable facts pertaining to the establishment of the colony.

His references to the intolerance which had embittered life in Massachusetts, are truly magnanimous: "In reality the true grounds of liberty of conscience were not then known or embraced by any sect or party of Christians. . . . So that it was not singular or peculiar in those people at the Massachusetts to think themselves bound in conscience to use the sword of the civil magistrate to open the understandings of heretics. . . . These were not the only people who thought they were doing God good service when smiting brethren and fellow-servants. All other Christian sects acted generally as if they thought this was the very best service they could do to God, and the most effectual way to promote the gospel of peace and prove themselves the true and genuine disciples of Jesus Christ—of Jesus Christ, who hath declared His kingdom was not of this world, who had commanded His disciples to call no man master on earth, who had forbidden them to exercise lordship over each other's consciences."[37]

[37] The Discourse in R. I. Hist. Soc. Coll. IV, pp. 70-71.

WILLIAM DOUGLASS

There came to Boston, 1718, William Douglass, a Scotchman, who had practiced medicine in Leyden and Paris. Here he continued his profession until his death in 1752.

Possessed of a vast and scattered knowledge, a vast but not a scattered opinion of his own talents, a fiery temper, a passion for publicity, a ready tongue, and a tremendous enthusiasm for quarreling with his neighbors, his professional associates, and the clergy, Douglass found himself extremely busy in life.

Never quiet, he was, Don Quixote-like, charging about the land, fighting with everybody and everything. Nothing was safe from his barbs of wit. He felt that time that might better have been turned into money, was being wasted in listening to the long-winded diatribes of the eminent divines. He decided that Eliot, though a good man, had wasted energies in translating the Bible into the Indian tongue. He declared the expedition to capture Cape Breton ridiculous, and after its capture remarked that "fortune would always wait upon blunderers and quacks." He laughed down Calvinism, saying the only religion was rationalism and that he would not be misguided by fashionable prejudices.

He also spent much time denouncing the British medical quacks who were preying on the credulity of the people, quoting an advertisement appearing immediately after the Jamaica earthquake guaranteeing pills "to prevent persons or their effects suffering by earthquakes."

Throughout his life, he warred against the Puritanical practices, turning out articles, medical treatises, and pamphlets. He also set his hand to history, and the

book, "Summary, Historical and Political of . . . the British Settlements in North America," 1748-1753, is the one living organ which remains as proof of his claim upon posterity.

It is a helter-selter, *olla podrida* of personal prejudices, lacking accuracy, caution, and dignity. In his attempt to prove his literary background he clots his pages with bits of quoted Latinisms and Gallicisms, and everywhere his sharp irony and keen-edged wit breaks through the barrier of discretion. He must be ranked among the pamphleteers rather than the true historians.

Throughout his works he attacks the Indians as "man-brutes," the French as "the common nuisance and disturbers of Europe," and certain individuals—namely, Whitefield, "an insignificant person of no general learning"; the Bishop of Cloyne as an invader of the learned professions; and Brainerd for "his weak enthusiastic turn of mind."

Douglass is interesting as the outstanding example of a modernist, a radical, planted in the decaying garden-bed of fundamentalism. Had he not been so determined, so powerful, so shrewd; had he not been able to intimidate those persons who sought to suppress him, his life in New England would have been extremely brief. So far as literature is concerned, he wrote nothing faintly associated with it; but as an energetic scribbler whose enthusiasms would not brook the denial of his efforts, he interests us, and we here embalm him for delectation of the generations to be.

WILLIAM HUBBARD

William Hubbard was one of the nine young men who comprised the first group of high culture sent into the world by Harvard College on August 9, 1642. He was born in England twenty-one years previous to his matriculation and lived to the great age of eighty-three. The greater part of his life was devoted to the First Church at Ipswich, Massachusetts, as minister, where, by his great learning and affableness, he was held in high repute. From various contemporary allusions we find Hubbard a man of letters, accomplished and stately; he was a man interested in the various branches of culture, engaging himself with the best literature and writings in the comfortable seclusion of his library. His distinction seems to bear out his literary merits rather than his theological ability; indeed, it is the former which has preserved his name to this day and generation.

Hubbard wrote two histories: "A General History of New England from the Discovery to 1680,"[38] and a "Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England."[39] The former is quite worthless, being in large part a mere repetition of Morton's "New England's Memorial" and of Winthrop for the period between 1630-1650. By contrast, the latter is a worthier tome, probably deserving the distinction of being the best work produced in America in the 17th century. However laudatory this may seem, it must be remembered that little was produced in that century by way of competition. Actually it is replete with faults, being overrun with petty details, often digressing and neces-

[38] Published by Mass. Hist. Soc. in 1815; reprinted by the same Soc. in 1848.

[39] First published in Boston and London in 1677. Reprint edited by S. G. Drake, Roxbury, 1865.

sarily tedious. Furthermore, it is inaccurate, and "the mistakes are judged to be many more than the truths in it."[40]

In spite of these faults it still relates with the fervor that once held its earlier readers, its stories of the heroic encounters with the Indians, told in a style that is vivid, dramatic, and thrilling. In one measure it least, Hubbard authentically voices the fury and hatred then raging in New England against the Indians; he is the voice of the multitude when he takes the red men to account as the "treacherous villains,"[41] "the dross of mankind,"[42] "the dregs and lees of the earth,"[43] "and children of the devil, full of all subtlety and malice."[44] Again he voices the steeled emotions of the multitude when he mildly disposes of certain captive Indians who "were turned presently into Charon's ferry-boat, under the command of shipper Gallop, who dispateched them, a little without the harbor."[45]

Occasionally the finer qualities of "the noble savage" are brought forth with picturesque charm. During King Philip's war some white men and Indian allies caught a glimpse of a stalwart Indian fleeing as if from pursuit through the woods. Instantly they joined in chase and an Indian named Cotapozet "put him so hard to it, that he cast off, first his blanket, then his silver-laced coat and belt of peag, which made Cotapazet conclude it was the right bird. . . . They forced him to take the water, through which as he overhastingly plunged, his foot slipped upon a stone, it made him fall into the

[40] John Cotton of Plymouth, in a letter to Increase Mather, IV Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll. VIII, p. 232.

[41] "Indian Wars" p. 18.

[42] Ibid p. 18.

[43] Ibid p. 18.

[44] Ibid p. 120.

[45] Ibid p. 42.

water so deep as it wetted his gun; upon which accident, he confessed soon after, that his heart and bowels turned within him, so he became like a rotten stick, void of strength"; so much so that Monopoide, a Pequod, took hold of him, "without his making any resistance; though he was . . . of good stature and great courage of mind, as well as strength of body. One of the first English that came up with him was Robert Stanton, a young man that scarce had reached the twenty-second year of his age; yet adventuring to ask him a question of two, to whom this manly sachem, looking with a little neglect upon his youthful face, replied in broken English, 'You much child, no understand matters of war: let your brother chief come, him will I answer:' and was as good as his word." . . . The pagan "continued in his obstinate resolution, was carried soon after to Stonington, where he was shot to death by some of his own quality. . . . And when he was told his sentence was to die he said he liked it well, that he should die before his heart was soft, or has spoken anything unworthy of himself."[46]

[46] "Indian Wars" pp. 167-169.

RICHARD MATHER

On the seventeenth of August, 1635, there arrived in Boston, one Richard Mather, the progenitor of three famous names in American literature. Formerly a minister of the church at Toxeth for fifteen years, he had been forced to retire in 1634 by the command of the Archbishop of York, who had set about exterminating dissenters in his province. As an escape from this unhappy life, Richard Mather had chosen Boston.

Equipped with a mellow, resonant voice, extensive learning, it is not to be wondered at that he was sought by various churches to become their minister. "His voice was loud and big; and uttered with a deliberate vehemency, it procured unto his ministry an awful and very taking majesty."[47]

Eventually in 1636, he decided to favor the church in Dorchester, and there he remained until his death, April 22, 1669.

Just why, one might question, does this man assume importance in this period of many literary gentlemen?

First of all, he is known as "the progenitor of all the Mathers in New England."[48] The traits which this first Mather handed down to his descendants as their heritage distinguished them as a family of great preachers and litterateurs who were in social eminence throughout the whole colonial period. Richard Mather had "great physical endurance, a voracious appetite for the reading of books, a love of political leadership in church and state, the faculty of personal conspicuousness, finally, the homiletic gift."[49]

[47] "Magnalia" I, p. 452.
[48] Young, Chron. Mass. Bay p. 480, note.
[49] Tyler, Hist. of American Literature p. 66.

He wrote various sermons, letters on church government, preface to the Old Bay Psalm Book, a treatise catechism.[50]

His life was his books, as is true of the other Mathers, and the keynote of his existence may be observed in his last words and actions. "The morning before he died, he importuned the friends that watched with him, to help him into the room where he thought his usual works and books expected him. To satisfy his importunity, they began to lead him thither; but finding himself unable to get out of his lodging room, he said, 'I see I am not able. I have not been in my study several days; and is it not a lamentable thing that I should lose so much time?' "[51]

His epitaph reads as follows:

> "Under this stone lies Richard Mather
> Who had a son greater than his father
> And also a grandson greater than either."

Hence we come to the "son greater than his father," namely, Increase Mather.

[50] List of Writings in W. B. Sprague "Annals of Am. Pamphlet" I, pp. 78-79.

[51] "Magnalia" I, p. 453.

INCREASE MATHER

COTTON MATHER

INCREASE MATHER

Of the six sons of Richard Mather, who all attained to some amount of fame, by far the most famous was Increase, so called because of "the increase of every sort wherewith God favored the country about the time of his nativity."[52]

He was born at Dorchester, June 21, 1639. Entering Harvard College at twelve, he was graduated at seventeen. His commencement speech in Latin was such a diatribe on the philosophy of Aristotle that President Chauncey, attempting to stop him, was checked only by the intervention of a Cambridge minister, Jonathan Mitchell, who interceded with "Pergat quaeso, nam doctissime disputat."[53]

He began to preach in 1657 in his father's church, with a sermon which foretold his future fame.

He sailed for Dublin soon after, entered Trinity College, and obtained his Master's degree very meritoriously.

Then for three years he taught in England and Guernsey, and in 1661, feeling that the continent was not a happy land for dissenters, he returned to America.

In spite of the fact that he had many calls from various churches, he failed to settle down until May, 1664, when, at twenty-five years of age, he became pastor of the North Church in Boston, where he stayed until his death.

Commanding a prominent church, he was in a position of power, and from then on his life blossomed under the radiant glow of a fixed purpose and a gratifying success, until he became one of the most powerful men of that day and age.

[52] C. Mather, Parentator pp. 1-5.

[53] Tyler, Hist. of Amer. Literature.

We see him as an able representative of the colony at the Court of St. James', an advisor during the Revolution. Then, for sixteen years president of Harvard College—at the same time holding his pulpit in North Church.

From 1694 his prominence in affairs of church and state decreased until he died in 1723, no less a famous man.

To begin with, his knowledge had exceeded that of all others of the Colonial period. When he graduated from Harvard, he had delved into as much of the classics as the renowned scholars of the best continental universities, being able to speak the Latin tongue and to read and write Greek and Hebrew. Little do we wonder at such extended knowledge when we take into consideration his perspicacity and tirelessness as a student. "In the morning, repairing to his study . . . he deliberately read a chapter and made a prayer and then plied what of reading and writing he had before him. At nine o'clock he came down and read a chapter and made a prayer with his family. He then returned unto the work of the study. Coming down to dinner, he quickly went up again, and begun the afternoon with another prayer. Then he went on with the work of the study 'til the evening. Then with another prayer he again went unto his Father: after which he did more at the work of his study. At nine o'clock, he came down to his family sacrifices. Then went up again to the work of his study, which anon he concluded with another prayer; and so he betook himself unto his repose."[54]

We are reminded of the truism, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"—but apparently his "six-

[54] C. Mather, Parentator, p. 181.

teen hours"[55] a day by no means stultified him. In fact, this diligence and ardent work gained for him his reputation of a great preacher. He began his sermons on Monday, and continued them until Saturday, when he memorized the speech he had prepared, as he used no notes while in the pulpit.

Then, on Sunday, when he marched into the pulpit with the knowledge and confidence derived from faithful work on his sermon, he would pour forth his message with a voice like his father's, so that "the hearers would be struck with an awe like what would be produced on the fall of thunderbolts."[56]

To attempt to name his writings would be impossible, so prolific was he. From the age of thirty till he died, he published some one thing at least every year. Most of his works are sermons on every topic imaginable, from the church to smallpox.

His one outstanding book is "Remarkable Providences." The history of this book is interesting in itself. It was begun in 1658 by some Puritan ministers in England and Ireland, as an effort to transcribe the manifestations of God as seen to intercede in human affairs. For some reason, perhaps lack of material, the book was dropped, and somehow found its way to New England, where it was discovered by Increase Mather.

He immediately canvassed all the ministers for anecdotes revelant to such a book, and eventually published it under the name of "An Essay for the Recording of Illustrious Providences." He supplemented the tales by ideas and thoughts of his own, which are amusing additions. The book was written for the purpose of

[55] Tyler, Hist. of American Literature.
[56] C. Mather, Parentator p. 216.

proving the supernatural power of God. However, the anecdotes are set down and accepted as a child believes fairy tales, without proof or witness, but it is a clear picture of the clerical mind of that time.

As a writer, he is considered to use far better style than his son, Cotton. His style is "simpler, more terse, more sinewy and direct, less bedraggled in the dust of pedantry; it has remarkable energy; in many places it is so modern in tone that it would not seem strange in any pulpit now except for the numerous quotations from Scripture as well as for an occasional use of some Latin or Greek or Hebrew phrase."[57]

A charming example of his shrewdness in speaking of the Governor of Massachusetts under Sir Edward Andros: "The Foxes were now made the administrators of justice to the Poultry."[58]

[57] Tyler, Hist. of American Literature p. 70, vol. II.
[58] Ibid p. 71, vol. II.

COTTON MATHER

No pre-Revolutionary writer, with the possible exceptions of Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin, has enjoyed such a lasting fame both at home and abroad as Cotton Mather, the son of Increase. A vast egotism and egoism was born in him as a youth by the overwhelming idolatry of his associates, his academic glibness, and his social position. He was the possessor of an infallible memory for both trash and treasure; his was the insatiable appetite for every kind of knowledge; he had, above all, a tremendous capacity for work, and an unbounded conceit.

His early years showed the man. Equipped with a huge amount of book-learning and mature ideas, he matriculated as a freshman at Harvard in 1674 at the age of eleven. After four years of diligence among the classes, he took his degree and was praised publicly —much to the aggrandisement of his vanity—by the president of the college. In the year 1681 he received his second degree and delivered an intensely scholarly thesis upon the stirring subject of "The Divine Origin of the Hebrew Points," to which several persons out of the assembled audience listened with apparent appreciation.

At twenty-two he was appointed to be an associate of his father in the pastorate of the North Church of Boston; and from that time until his death in 1728 he pursued matters literary, oratorical and philanthropic with a zeal and success that makes pale the feeble putterings of a modern scholar.

We look upon the man as he was—a genuine prodigy, intellectually and socially, but crucified upon the cross of his own self-decaying vanity; a powerful preacher,

yet a hypocrite at heart—or rather a coward whistling through the woods to keep up his courage; a natural actor, his postures and bombast eventually convincing himself; a faddist, a bigot, an unmoral moralist—this is Cotton Mather.

From the age of fourteen, Cotton began a series of fasts and vigils, increasing them in number and thoroughness until he died. His fast days numbered, it is reckoned, four hundred and fifty, which goes to prove that he was determined "to resemble a Rabbi mentioned in the Talmud whose face was black by reason of his fastings." He considered his penances to be "knocking at the door of heaven."

Every action in his life conjured up a biblical saying or exhortation, and thus it was he felt himself a chosen instrument of the Lord's. "When he washed his hands, he must think of the clean hands as well as pure heart, which belong to the citizens of Zion. And when he did so mean an action as paring his nails, he thought how he might lay aside all superfluity of naughtiness. . . . He had many years a morning cough: it every morning 'raised' proper dispositions of piety in him."[59] And so on.

At twenty-four he found it advisable to be married, and after receiving a dose of heavenly advice, plus the counsel of his friends, he took unto himself a wife, "who had the honor of marching for a few years at the head of his procession of three wives."

In considering the works of this intellectual giant, in whose august presence we shall stand timidly a few moments, we are immediately struck with his tremendous industry. Since he had set out in life to master all branches of knowledge, it is not amazing to find him

[59] S. Mather, "Life of C. Mather" p. 101.

an accomplished linguist of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and of the modern tongues of French, Spanish, and one Indian dialect. He owned the largest private library in America. His advice, "Be Short," written above his door, is characteristic more of his happy facility in reading rather than his oratorical outbursts.

His speech was clotted with quotations from every source; he possessed a keen and ready wit, and was never without an answer, no matter upon what subject the question might have arisen. His writings occupy a large section in the list of colonial publications, since they number three hundred and eighty-three. They have bizarre titles—many of them—reminiscent of his omnivorous reading. "Coheleth, a Soul upon Recollection coming into Incontestable Sentiments of Religion." "Fasciculus Virentium, Essay on a soul bound up in the Bundle of Life." "Ecclesiae Monilla, The Peculiar Treasure of the Almighty King Opened." "Adversus Libertinos, etc"; "Boanerges, etc."; "Christanus per Ignem, etc."; "Nails Fastened"; "Orphanotrophium"; and several hundred others.

His fame, however, rests upon the most remarkable book of colonial times: "Magnalia Christi Americana; or the Ecclesiastical History of New England, from its first planting in the year 1620 unto the year of our Lord 1698."[60] He received the first inspiration for this work in 1693. Two years later he published a prospectus of the affair. In August, 1697, he spent the day in secret prayer for divine assistance in finishing it. From that time until its publication in London in 1702, he spent his hours lying prostrate in the dust of his study floor, fasting, castigating himself, holding long vigils, and shrieking hymns, all of which actions were

[60] Second Am. ed. 1853.

supposed to insure the appearance of his book and its ultimate success.

That his supplications must have beeen efficacious is obvious, but his neighbors were kept in a state of worry over his "tears, prayers, cares, and resignations which he delievered in a lusty manner."

The *Magnalia* is in two volumes of seven books. The first book is concerned with the history of the settling of New England; the next with the lives of the governors and names of the church magistrates. The third tells of the sixty famous New England ministers; the fourth book is a history of Harvard College; the fifth, a discussion of faith and order among the Churches; the sixth recounts the demonstrations of the Lord's benevolence concerning New England; the last takes up the story of the struggles the New England Churches had with the Devil, the Indians, the Quakers, and many others, and is called "A Book of the Wars of the Lord."

The *Magnalia* is an imposing example of fact, fancy, and indiscretion. Mather liked the truth, but when it ceased to be interesting, he turned to his imagination. Considerably annoyed by his private family affairs, he frequently intruded them upon the realer, indelicate though they might be. The *Magnalia* is a book, valuable for much historical material, but cluttered, clogged, choked by a mass of dull, unrelated fable, an indistinguishable intermingling of fact and fiction, and a slipshod, careless organization. We find that the *Magnalia* gives a general picture of colonial times, the gossip, habits, manners, and morals of the Puritans, but when one insists upon historical accuracy, this is not the book in which to find it. It must be remembered that the *Magnalia* is the work of a youth, not a seasoned savant, no matter how erudite his precociousness.

His later writings are much more interesting, both in subject matter and treatment. His "Bonifacius, An Essay upon the Good that is to be Devised and Designed, with Proposals of unexceptionable Methods to do Good in the World," is ingenious in that "it reduces charity to an exact science, and plans systematic transaction of good deeds on business principles." On his "Psalterium Americanium," or stript of its hocus-pocus title, merely "The Book of Psalms," translated into English blank verse from the Hebrew, Mather speaks sorrowfully in his usual long-winded fashion on the decay of psalmody.

"Manuductio ad Ministeriurm" is by far his most sprightly and engaging book. It is valuable as an accurate guage of the condition of letters, science, and culture of the times. In it, he explains "the directions for a candidate of the ministry," and if one can forgive him his sonorous periods and wildly-colorful figures, it may be considered an intriguing affair. This line is characteristic of his polysyllabic abortions: "I will not now suppose a quinquarticular controversy, but rather propose a ternaticular period of all controversies."

Cotton Mather was the last of our great prose Fantastics. He stood for the exclusion of all beauty from our language; he replaced it with improprieties, monstrosities, miscarried and wrenched-askew parallelisms, and grotesqueries almost unimaginable. Mather made pedantry his idol and in so doing squeezed the juice of life from most of his utterings. The Fantastics born in Italy died in New England, and Cotton Mather was the last of the line. "After all, every man will have his own style which will distinguish him as much as his gait."[61]

[61] "Manuductio" p. 46.

SAMUEL MATHER

Samuel Mather, Cotton's son, was born in 1706. He graduated from Harvard College in 1723. In 1732 he became one of the ministers in the North Church—a church already embellished by the name of Mather. In 1741, he took with him a group of people from this church and formed a new one, where he preached until he died in 1785.

He did not distinguish himself as his forbears had, because in spite of the fact that he published a biography of his father and various other treatises and discourses, he lacked the energy and the vital spark to make his efforts live. He was a very admirable man, but apparently the Mather genius had ended with Cotton Mather, and Samuel left no descendant. "He was the last, and the least, of the Mathers."[62]

SAMUEL NILES

Another historian who felt the urge to contribute his chapter to the inspiring tale of New England's struggle, was Samuel Niles—a Harvard graduate, minister, and author of several papers pertaining to theology, as well as his "History of the Indian and French Wars."[63]

The author gives an uninteresting and straggling account, smothered in a wilderness of petty details, of the history occurring during his lifetime, dating from before the time of King Philip's War until the conquest of Canada.

The composition is largely from his own memory, but he generously draws on the labors of others as well.

[62] Tyler, Hist. of American Literature, p. 91, vol. II.

[63] In 3 Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll. VI, pp. 154-279.

THOMAS PRINCE

The career of Thomas Prince marks him as the outstanding personage of his day and generation in the field of chronological American history.

Prince was born on Cape Cod at Sandwich, in 1687; graduated at Harvard in 1707, and for the last forty years of his life—from 1718 to 1758—filled the estimable pulpit of the South Church in Boston. His preparation for the public service was achieved through diligent study at home, followed by eight years of inquiry and observation abroad. He was the scholar nonpareil; he had an especial fancy for the physical sciences, forming definite opinions, after meticulous scrutiny, on earthquakes, comets, and "the electrical substance"; he published a large number of carefully prepared sermons and improved by revision the New England Psalm Book, "by an endeavor after a yet nearer approach to the inspired original, as well as to the rules of poetry."[64]

Prince felt the sacredness of originals in historical testimony, and during his college days he began his famous collection of all written and printed material for the purpose of historical illustration; and today, after the plundering of British troops, the ravages of time and thieving book-borrowers, it remains as an impregnable wall against oblivion for him, and a copious source of information for the student.[65]

Prince further laid the foundation for the perpetuation of his name in his thorough, authentic, and complete historical testimony, his "Chronological History of New England, in the form of Annals." The first

[64] Title-page, first edition, Boston, 1758.

[65] The Prince Library is now in the custody of the Boston Public Library.

volume was published in 1736, and was at that time and for many years to come, the most genuine piece of historical literature published in America.

Through his sense of precision and his reverence for truth at any cost, Prince was, from his childhood, impressed by the need of an authentic American History, free from the blemishes which had scored those already written. It was while he resided abroad that he found this ambition growing upon him. "In my foreign travels I found the want of a regular history of this country everywhere complained of, and was often moved to undertake it; though I could not think myself equal to a work so noble as the subject merits. . . . And yet I had a secret thought that, upon returning to my native country, in case I should fall into a state of leisure, . . . I would attempt a brief account of facts at least, in the form of annals."[66]

His plan was to follow in the manner of Archbishop Usher's Annals, featuring a statement of events as they occurred, but thoroughly tempered with exactness and brevity, "comprising only facts in a chronological epitome, to enlighten the understanding," and avoiding all "artificial ornaments and descriptions to raise the imagination and affections."[67]

He had a passion for historical accuracy undiluted and unvarnished. "I would not take the least iota upon trust, if possible; I examined the original authors I could meet with."[68] "Some may think me too critical. It is exactness I aim at, and would not have the least mistake if possible pass to the world."[69] "In short, I cite my vouchers to every passage; and I have done my utmost, first to find out the truth, and then to relate it

[66] Chron. Hist. of New England, Preface ii.
[67] Chron. Hist. of New England Dedication.
[68] Ibid, Preface iv.
[69] Ibid, Preface ix.

in the clearest order. I have labored after accuracy; and yet I dare not say that I am without mistake; nor do I desire the reader to conceal any he may possiby find. But on the contrary I offer this work to the public view, that it may be perused with the most critical eye, that every error may be discovered, and the correction published."[70]

In an equally strong sense of historical fairness, he says: "As to impartiality, I know it is usual for the writers of history to assert it, some in their prefaces, others in the front of their works; some in the strongest terms, who have been notoriously guilty of the contrary; and I am apt to think that many are partial who are insensible of it. For myself, I own I am on the side of pure Christianity; as also of civil and religious liberty, and this for low as well as high, for the laity as well as the clergy; I am for leaving every one to the freedom of worshipping according to the light of his conscience; and for extending charity to every one who receives the gospel as the rule of his faith and life; I am on the side of meekness, patience, gentleness, and innocence. And I hope my inclination to these great principles will not bias me as to a misrecital of facts, but rather to state them as I really find them for the public benefit."[71]

In writing the history of his native land, Prince felt that it was integrally bound up with the previous history of the universe, falling in line with the orderly occurrence of events rather than as an isolated appendage. "It may be grateful to many readers to see the age of the world when this part of the earth came to be known to the other; and the line of time, with the suc-

[70] Ibid, Preface xi.

[71] "Chron. Hist. of New England," Preface x.

cession of principal persons, events, and transactions, which had been running on from the creation to the settlement of this country by a colony from England."[72]

He then makes, with characteristic accuracy, a careful and minute study of the important systems of chronology, of the original authors in Hebrew, Greek, and Roman history; he begins the World's events with Adam, "year one, first month, sixth day," continuing to the accession in England of James I, "year sixteen hundred and three, third month, twenty-fourth day." Finally this ponderous introduction, which robbed him of much time, arrives at the chronology of New England, the first part of which leads to the settlement of Plymouth, December the thirty-first 1620: and the second part from the latter date to a time as late as August the fifth 1633.

Throughout this dry and monotonous registration of facts, we find few passages deviating from the unemotional and unimaginative. Rarely the author throbs with the pulse of life, but on occasions of historical epochs he allows some eloquence to gather, as on the discovery of America he says: "We are now to turn our eyes to the west, and see a new world appearing in the Atlantic Ocean, to the great surprise and entertainment of the other. Christopher Columbus, or Colonus, a Genoese, is the first discoverer. . . . He becomes possessed with a strong pursuasion that in order to balance the terraqueous globe and proportion the seas and lands to each other, there must needs be formed a mighty continent on the other side, which boldness, art, and resolution would soon discover. . . . Ferdinand and Isabella . . . after five years' urging, are at last prevailed upon to furnish him with three ships and ninety

[72] "Chron. Hist. of New England," Introduction i.

men for this great enterprise; which, through the growing opposition of his fearful mariners, he at length accomplishes, to his own immortal fame and the infinite advantage of innumerable others."[73]

Approaching the settlement of New England he again pauses before plunging into the beginnings of that epochal period. "Having passed through the seven great periods of time from the creation to the beginning of the British Empire, with the discovery of that Indian shore which is soon to be the theatre of our Chronology, a new face of things appears both to the western parts of Europe and the eastern of America. . . . Divers attempts are made to settle this rough and northern country; first by the French, . . . and then by the English, and both from mere secular views. But such a train of crosses accompany these designs of both nations, that they seem to give it over as not worth the planting; till a pious people of England, not there allowed to worship their Maker according to His institutions only, . . . are spirited to attempt the settlement."[74] "So there were just one hundred and one who sailed from Plymouth in England; . . . and this is the solitary number who for an undefiled conscience and the love of a pure Christianity, first left their native and pleasant land, and encountered all the toils and hazards of the tumultous ocean, in search of some uncultivated region in North Virginia, where they might quietly enjoy their religious liberties, and transmit them to posterity, in hopes none would follow to disturb or vex them."[75]

The music of such passages is especially sweet in the arid list of depressing registrations. The publication

[73] "Chron. Hist. of New England," Introduction 78.
[74] "Chron. Hist. of New England" Part I, pp. 1-3.
[75] Ibid p. 86.

was a failure; the subscribers showed no interest in its continuance, and twenty years passed before the discouraged author had courage again to continue his task. Illness, age, and public obligations were then too great for him.

The scholarliness of this, the greatest contribution to history during the colonial time, will, nevertheless, continue as a monument and contribute as a source—a veritable well-spring of information.

EBENEZER TURELL

Though most of the biographical material turned out by the colonists suffered in comparison with the quality of the histories, the best work is entitled "The Life and Character of the Reverend Benjamin Colman," published in Boston, 1749. Ebenezer Turell, the author and son-in-law of Colman, made the mistake of following the awkward topical arrangement of Somuel Mather's "Life of Cotton Mather," but his manner is more genial and facile, his discretion sufficient to prevent his over-burdening the text with high-flown enconium and eulogy.

Chapter Two

NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE WRITERS

Francis Higginson
William Wood
John Josselyn
John Williams
Sarah Kemble Knight
Mary Rowlandson
Edward Winslow
Benjamin Church
Samuel Penhallow

FRANCIS HIGGINSON

Nine years after the *Mayflower* had borne the first band of hardy adventurers to New England's rock-ribbed coast, the *Talbot* tied up at Salem on June 29, 1629, bringing Francis Higginson, Cambridge graduate, one-time brilliant minister of the Church of England, now a non-conformist, come to take up his abode in Massachusetts as a pioneer religious teacher.

During the voyage, Higginson kept a strict diary, setting down in infinite detail all manner of reflections upon and reactions to his journey. It was sent to England, where it soon appeared titled: "A True Relation of the Last Voyage to New England, declaring all circumstances, with the manner of the passage we lead by sea, and what manner of country and inhabitants we found when we came to land, and what is the present state and condition of the English people that are there already; faithfully recorded according to the very truth, for the satisfaction of very many of my loving friends, who have earnestly requested to be truly certified in these things."[1]

Some months later he set down further observations and comments, which, sent to England, immediately appeared from a London press under the name of "New England's Plantation—a description of the commodities and discommodities of that country." The characteristic of this work is its ease and graphicness of expression, its detailed accuracy of observation, and its simplicity of style.

Note in his first narrative his reaction to the first sight of land: "By noon we were within three leagues

[1] F. Higginson's "Journal" in Young's Chron. Mass. Bay pp. 213-238.

of Cape Ann, and as we sailed along the coasts we saw every hill and dale, and every island full of gay woods and high trees. The nearer we came to the shore, the more flowers in abundance, sometimes scattered abroad, sometimes joined in sheets nine or ten yards long, which we supposed to be brought from the low meadows by the tide . . . such forerunning signals of fertility afar off."[2]

Because of his optimistic descriptions and sunshiny pictures of New England during the vernal season, Higginson was soundly criticized by those who followed him later in the fall; but not even the terrors of the bitter winter dulled his lyric praise. From his arrival until his death, thirteen months later, during which he found time to observe and comment upon every feature of colonial life—not forgetting the maroon brother—his works sing the joys of a new-found paradise. He was indeed representative of the most admirable type of New England literature.

[2] F. Higginson's "Journal" in Young's Chron. Mass. Bay, p. 231.

WILLIAM WOOD

A writer whose craftmanship and skill was scarcely second to the best of the Elizabethans was William Wood, who arrived in New England the same year as did Francis Higginson—1629. His masterful work, studying the fertility, productiveness, climate, and topography of the new land, is a worthy specimen of early colonial literature.

Wood had the elusive gift of accurate, sensitive detail, avoiding technical expression, and combining, at the same time, unquestionable truth and sparkling wit. His "New England Prospect"[3] is a happy synthesis of beauty, epigram, irony and scholarliness. The book is divided into two parts: the first, of twelve chapters treating the topography, fertility, natural resources and circumstances, and the life of the colonists; the second, of twenty chapters devoted entirely to the various Indian tribes, their habits, customs, characteristics, politics, and religions. Through a tremendous mass of detail the narrative runs swiftly, colorfully, interestingly.

To avoid the accusation of fiction, he interposes a paragraph here and there, protesting his accuracy and truth of detail, catechising those timid souls who dare not venture abroad, but stay at home and rail. "So there is many a tub-brained cynic, who because anything stranger than ordinary is too large for the strait hooks of his apprehension, he peremptorily concludes that it is a lie. But I decline this sort of thick-witted readers, and dedicate the mite of my endeavors to my more credulous, ingenious, and less censorious countrymen for whose sake I undertook this work."[4]

[3] Reprinted by the Prince Society Boston, 1865.

[4] New England Prospect.

Like many of these early writers his prose descriptions are sometimes interspersed with racy verse, all original, all smacking refreshingly of the tang and zest of his new environment.

> "The hornbound tree that to be cloven scorns
> Which from the tender vine oft takes his spouse,
> Who twines embracing arms about his boughs."[5]

Wood's real literary quality exposes itself in his descriptions of natural history. The skill and knowledge which prompted his pictures of animal life prove him to be a careful student and observer. "The Humbird (humming-bird) is one of the wonders of the country, being no bigger than a hornet, yet hath all the dimensions of a bird, as bill and wings, with quills, spider-like legs, small claws. For color she is as glorious as the rainbow."[6]

Throughout his manuscript we find evidences of his humanness, his *joie de vivre*, his curious sophisticated naivete. Truly he is one of the most valuable of our early word-painters of Colonial life in the early seventeenth century.

[5] Ibid.
[6] Ibid.

JOHN JOSSELYN

Not characteristic, not reflecting the life or spirit of the early colonists, is John Josselyn. His peripatetic life in New England is perhaps a reason for his not becoming a typical citizen or writer. Coming here in 1638, he remained only fifteen months; then he returned a second time in 1663, going to live for a period of eight years, broken by much wandering about New England, in Scarborough, at his brother's plantation.

He is valuable to our study, not for his literary skill but rather for his scientific attitude and findings. He was the first to suggest that definite intellectual liaisons had been formed between the new and the old country. He writes of the exchange of books and thoughts between leaders of both lands. He speaks of delivering "the translation of the 16th, 25th, 51st, 88th, 113th, and 137th Psalms into English metre,"[7] to John Cotton, minister, from Mr. Francis Quarles, the poet. He was thoroughly disgusted with the typical Puritans of New England: "damnable rich . . . they receive your gifts but as homage or tribute due to their transcendency . . . full of ludification, and injurious dealings, and cruelty."[8] A close observer of nature as William Wood, he filled his narratives with careful descriptions of his experiences afield, many of which teem with unconscious humor. For example, one day he came upon a hornets' nest. "It was as big as the crown of a woman's hat. I made bold to step into it, with an interest to have gathered it. No sooner had I touched it, but hundreds of wasps were about me. At last I cleared myself from

7 "Two Voyages to New England" pp. 225-226, 3 Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll.

8 "Two Voyages to New England" p. 331.

them . . . but by the time I was come into the house . . . they hardly knew me but for my garments."[9]

As one of the first of our scientifically-minded naturalists, as the author of two books, "New England's Rarities Discovered in Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Serpents, and Plants of that Country," and "An Account of Two Voyages to New England," and as an impersonal yet genial delineator of life in the new colony, we owe much to John Josselyn who was proud to sign himself "Gentleman."

[9] "Two Voyages to New England" pp. 231-232.

SARAH KEMBLE KNIGHT

The diary is one of literature's most valuable adjuncts, in that in its very unaffected, informal and intimate content, it frequently holds up to the times a more accurate mirror than the formal work of the historian. In view of this, "The Journal," kept by Mrs. Sarah Kemble Knight, a housewife of Boston, during a journey from that town to Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York, during the winter of 1704, is particularly interesting. Keeping a daily account of her adventures, she was able to confide no small amount of personal reaction and experience in the "Journal." It has as its most outstanding feature, perhaps, an accurate picture of the woman herself, her philosophic state of mind, her sense of humor, and her huge reservoir of common sense.

It is an amusing narrative, gaily written, for the most part, and filled with pen pictures of the country, its conditions and its inhabitants. She plays entertainingly upon words, *vide:* "The post encouraged me by saying we should be well accommodated anon at Mr. Devil's, a few miles further; but I questioned whether we ought to go to the Devil to be helped out of affliction."

LESSER CONTRIBUTORS

(Narratives of Indian Warfare)

The colonial period abounds in historians. The introspective and retrospective nature of these people would not allow their history—even the most intimate of details—to go to the grave with them.

They revered themselves, their lives, their tasks, and their achievements, for which they were giving their all. And it was not to be relegated to the limbo of forgotten struggles. We find the historic sense in at least one member of almost every household, where it manifested itself as diarist, chronicler, biographer, autobiographer, or historian. And this feeling grew lustier and enlarged with each new generation, finding renewed sustenance in the retelling of the heroic accomplishments successfully achieved under the most trying of circumstances.

Of the many contributors only a comparative few are deserving of particular mention, as have here been dealt with separately, but a well-rounded survey would oblige some comment on the graphic and thrilling accounts of the narratives dealing with the Indian outrages. Of the latter there is no more exquisite literary memorial than that account of horrible personal experiences as rendered by Mary Rowlandson, wife of the minister at Lancaster. While her husband was absent in Boston, on the tenth of February, 1676, the Indian hordes assaulted the town, taking Mary Rowlandson and her children as captives. With a diction that is

pure and idiomatic, she recounts her horrible experiences of privation and torture during her eleven weeks and five days of captivity. Finally, she was ransomed with money raised by the women of Boston. Surely this account, written immediately after her release, must have further steeled the already determined minds of the colonists to annihilate the barbarians. "The Sovereignty and Goodness of God: A Narrative of the Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson," was first published in 1682 in New England and London, and ran to six editions, the last of which was published in 1828.

Another particularly pathetic chapter of this conflict with the Indians is touchingly told with genuine pathos by the author, JOHN WILLIAMS, in "The Redeemed Captive." Williams was born in Roxbury in 1664, graduated at Harvard in 1683, and, at the age of twenty-two, entered upon his life work as pastor at Deerfield, Massachusetts. This village, scarcely protected by a rude fort, was at the time one of the furthest outposts of the white settlements. Sentinels were on guard at night, and during the day the musket was always within reach. Indeed, communication was carried on from house to house by way of subterranean passages. Sensing the approach of a raid in the winter of 1704, a guard was sent, by request, to the number of twenty, who patrolled the streets at night. On the night of February twenty-eight, the guard, being tired, retired just before dawn, and the ever-watchful Indians, aided by the French to the number of three hundred, fell on the unfortunate town. Cruel and fiendish lusts were savagely let loose on the helpless victims. The author pathetically narrates the cruelties he and his family suffered on the long

march through the deep snows to Canada, where they were taken as captives. Finally, after more than two years in captivity, he is ransomed and, with his children, excepting his daughter Eunice,[10] returns home.

[10] Eunice, who was ten years old, became enamored of the fascinations of Indian life, learned their language and mode of living, and finally married an Indian. No inducement could cause her to forsake the life she had adopted. Her grandson was Eleazer Williams, who became notorious in his claim to be the lost Dauphin, son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

EDWARD WINSLOW

Associated with Governor Bradford, Edward Winslow achieves only a reflected glory in the light of our first great historian. His share in the journal of the voyage and the landing of the Pilgrims is not to be belittled, but we see Bradford's hand constantly in its organization. His real claim to fame rests upon his "Good News from England," published in 1624. In a sprightly manner he carries on the discussion of the griefs, joys, perils and amities of the infant settlement, from its first conception to its final security.

Winslow's attitude toward the Indians is an excellent one. He found the maroon brother open to reason, brave, interesting, and admirable. His pages teem with descriptions of his experiences with them, their habits, customs and language.

Probably nothing in the whole book is more realistic and amusing than his description of one of his journeys for the medical relief of Massasoit. His companion was John Hampden, a Londoner wintering in Plymouth, and Winslow's tale of Hampden's reactions to their experiences is indeed entertaining.

"Good News" is concluded with a forceful admonition to all Englishmen considering a trip to America, warning them of the hardships, privations, and sufferings that they must undergo.

"Rest where thou art; for as a proud heart, a dainty tooth, a beggar's purse, and an idle hand, be here (in England) intolerable, so that a person that hath these qualities there (in New England) is much more abominable."[11]

[11] Young's Chron. Pil. p. 374.

For further reference into the stories of Indian outrages: A vigorous soldier's narrative which kept "children from play and old men from the chimney-corner" is the story, "Entertaining Passages Relating to Philip's War . . . as also of Expeditions more lately made against the Common Enemy and Indian Rebels in the Eastern Parts of New England," by *Colonel Benjamin Church.*

Samuel Penhallow, unsparing of our sensibilities, continued this enlarging tale of human wretchedness in "The History of the Wars of New England with the Eastern Indians."[12]

Penhallow was born in England in 1665, and emigrated to New England in 1686. Here he intended to study for the ministry, but married, instead, a wealthy young woman at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he continued to reside. His life was devoted to the public service he practiced a boundless hospitality, acquired great influence among the people, became treasurer of the province, and was, at his death in 1726, its Chief Justice.

His account covers the period from 1703-1726, in which he vividly portrays the unabated assaults of the Indians. It is "no other than a narrative of tragical incursions perpetrated by bloody pagans, who are monsters of such cruelty that the words of Virgil may not inaptly be applied to them:

> "Tristius haud illis monstrum, nec saevior ulla
> Pestic et ira deum."[13]

The harrowing facts of the savage brutalities are deliberately and openly told. The curtain is never drawn before our eyes, and we see women on the march

[12] N. H. Hist. Soc. Coll. I. Reprinted in Philadelphia in 1859.
[13] "The History of the Wars" etc. p. 13.

into captivity, fainting and falling by the way, scalped, and "ript open, others fastened to stakes and burned alive."[14] A brave woman at the garrison of Haverhill, "perceiving the misery that was attending her" after a surprise assault, "and having boiling soap on the fire," threw it on the savages, scalding one of them to death. Taken into captivity, she becomes, after a few days, the mother of a child, "but the babe soon perished . . . by the cruelty of the Indians, who, as it cried, threw hot embers in its mouth."[15] Further on, we find a most heroic last-ditch fighter in Lieutenant Robbins, who was being left by his retreating comrades on the field mortally wounded; but in spite of his plight, he "being sensible of his dying state, desired one of the company to charge his gun and leave it with him, being persuaded that the Indians by the morning would come and scalp him, but was desirous of killing one more before he died."[16]

[14] "The History of the Wars" p. 47.
[15] Ibid p. 23.
[16] Ibid. p. 113.

Chapter Three

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS WRITERS

Thomas Hooker
Thomas Shepard
John Cotton
Peter Bulkeley
John Norton
William Hooke
Charles Chauncey
Mather Byles
John Barnard
Benjamin Colman
Jonathan Edwards
John Higginson
Jonathan Myhew
Urian Oakes
Thomas Prince
Samuel Sewall
Solomon Stoddard
William Stoughton
Samuel Willard

THE THEOLOGICAL AND THE RELIGIOUS WRITERS

In order to grasp and appreciate the scope and power of early New England clergy, it will be well to summarize their influence politically and spiritually, and the traits which held them in such laudable esteem among their contemporaries and the laity.

In the first place, New England owes a debt little recognized to Archbishop Laud of England, who, through his maniacal desire to lord over the clergy of that country, drove the best blood of the established church in unremitting, relentless and dog-like fashion throughout England, from whence they were forced to seek refuge in the colonies of America. Of this group there were three of such estimable caliber that they brought forth the laudatory praises of all their contemporaries, and they were solidly in the hearts and minds of all who came in contact with them: Thomas Hooker, Thomas Shepard, and John Cotton.

Each of these men came eventually under the fatal eye of the Archbishop, who when incensed—as he frequently was—left no stone unturned in his conquest of them and was entirely unresponsive to the pleadings and persuasions of the various friends who attempted to interpose in their behalf.

The odor of puritanical piety or the voice of a dissenter quickly brought Laud to action, as Thomas Shepard in his narrative portrays.[1] when he was ordered by a citation to appear in the palace of the Archbishop at London: "As soon as I came, . . . falling into a fit of rage he asked me what degree I had taken in the

[1] Printed from Shepard's manuscript by Thomas Prince in "Chron. Hist. of N. E." I, p. 338.

University. I answered him I was a Master of Arts. He asked, of what college? I answered, of Emmanuel. He asked, how long had I lived in his diocese? I answered, three years and upwards. He asked who maintained me all this while, charging me to deal plainly with him; adding withal that he had been more cheated and equivocated with by some of my malignant faction than ever was man by Jesuit. At the speaking of which words he looked as though blood would have gushed out of his face, and did shake as if he had been haunted with an ague fit, to my apprehension, by reason of his extreme malice and secret venom. I desired him to excuse me. He fell then to threaten me, and withal to bitter railing, . . .saying, 'You prating coxcomb, do you think all the learning is in your brain?' He pronounced his sentence thus: 'I charge you that you neither preach, read, marry, bury, or exercise any ministerial function, in any part of my diocese: for if you do, and I hear of it, I'll be upon your back, and follow you wherever you go, in any part of the kingdom, and so everlastingly disenable you.'"

New England during the first sixty years was a theocracy "whose interests were most remarkably and generally enwrapped in its ecclesiastical circumstances."[2] The clergy were not prohibited from entering into the affairs of state: indeed politicians asked the ministers "their advice upon the most important occasions,"[3] and appealed to them as superior officers for final decisions on matters of personal difference. Any unworthy mention of the clergy was considered seditious and was always certain, at least, of incurring a heavy fine and the necessity of making a public apology.

[2] "Magnalia" I, p. 296.

[3] John Eliot in I Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll. X, p. 1.

It was not for mere man to object to lengthy prayers and sermons. Impatience was not thought of, and upon entering the church one settled himself for a religious siege of from three to five hours duration. "Mr. Torrey stood up and prayed near two hours, but the time obliged him to close, to our regret; and we could have gladly heard him an hour longer."[4] Their sermons ran similarly to great length, but apparently were never tiring to the eager, critical people who made up these audiences. This was their source of thought and discussion for the ensuing week, and nearly all took the opportunity to take extensive notes on topics discussed throughout the sermon.

Necessarily then, these ministers, confronted as they were by a critical and intelligent community, were forced to much reading, careful analysis of, and penetrating insight into the many and varied avenues of thought which occupied the minds of the laity. "Without doubt, the sermons produced in New England during Colonial times, and especially during the seventeenth century, are the most authentic and characteristic revelations of the mind of New England for all that wonderful epoch."[5]

[4] J. L. Sibley, "Harvard Grad." p. 566.

[5] Tyler, "Amer. Lit. during the Colonial Time" I, p. 192.

THOMAS HOOKER

Thomas Hooker, a graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, became in 1626 at the age of forty, religious lecturer and assistant minister in Chelmsford, England, where he conspicuously voiced his opinions as a non-conformist to various doctrines of the established church. Immediately and furiously, Bishop Laud descended upon him and relieved him of his pulpit. At once Hooker established a grammar school, but the walls could not withhold the eloquence and bravery of this man; once more the Bishop descended, and Hooker fled for his life to Holland. Here he remained a few years at Delft and at Rotterdam. In 1633, together with the illustrious John Cotton, he sailed to the Massachusetts Bay Colony, where for three years he preached at Cambridge before departing with his entire flock of about one hundred families to found the town of Hartford in the beautiful Connecticut valley. Until his death at the age of sixty-one, Hooker reigned supreme, and for the last eleven years of his life labored diligently, studied industriously, and preached furiously. His writings were largely religious treatises which immediately became classics in Puritan literature as soon as they left the press at London.

As a youth Hooker had that bearing and grandeur of mind which marked him as one superior. His majesty, imperial dignity, saintliness, and kingliness impressed for all time those who came in contact with him. He was born to rule, and no man offered him resistance. The vivacity and power of his speech stirred every man and took them so within his grasp that there was no release, or means of escape. Even

his mockers who called him the "bawling Hooker," became subdued, penitent and devout adherents clinging to him as a child.[6] Many supposed Hooker to be possessed of divine gifts including that of prophecy. In a public sermon some time previous to the civil war in England he said: "It has been told me from God, that God will destroy England, and lay it waste, and that the people shall be put unto the sword, and the temples burnt, and many houses laid in ashes."[7]

A power entirely new and strange was noticed in his prayer, inciting many to believe that the ears of heaven must be responsive to them. A contemporary likened them to Jacob's ladder, "wherein the nearer he came to an end, the nearer he drew towards heaven."[8] And when the strong Narragansetts were about to annihilate the weak Mohegans, who were on the side of the white man, Hooker prayed, and "the Narragansetts received a wonderful overthrow from the Mohegans."[9]

On the last Sunday prior to his death, his parishioners saw, during the administration of the Lord's Supper, "an astonishing sort of a cloud," and felt in themselves "a most unaccountable heaviness and sleepiness . . . . not unlike the drowsiness of the disciples when our Lord was going to die." After a few days the venerable old man passed away "with a smile in his countenance . . . . a little groan, and so expired his soul into the arms of his fellow-servants, the holy angels."[10]

Grief and mortification spread throughout the com-

[6] "Magnalia" I, p. 337.
[7] "Magnalia" I, p. 341.
[8] Ibid p. 344.
[9] Ibid p. 344.
[10] "Magnalia p. 350.

munities; elegies in Latin[11] and English[12] expressed the anguish of some hearts; his contemporary John Cotton, sang to him:

"Now, blessed Hooker, thou art set on high,
Above the thankless world and cloudy sky;
Do thou of all thy labor reap the crown,
While we here reap the seed which thou hast sown."[13]

Hooker's writings are under twenty-three titles:[14] and are all concerned with theology, church-polity, or religious life.

A few passages will carry the sulphur, fire, exhortation, and denunciation, to the reader readily enough. It must be remembered that these orations were written for the ear, and the voice that gives them must be rugged, bold, unhesitating, and stern; they were written for the rhythm and cadence of good speech; written for immediate and lasting effect on the practical minds of men whose passions, resolutions, and ideals were to be henceforward and everlastingly moulded by them.

In exhorting "proud sinners" he tears to the very heart of the matter with a choice of words terse and vitriolic: "Do you think to outbrave the Almighty? . . . . Dost thou think to go to Heaven thus bolt-upright? The Lord cannot endure thee here, and will he suffer thee to dwell with himself forever in Heaven? What, thou to Heaven upon these terms? . . . . How did the Lord deal with Lucifer and all those glorious spirits? He sent them all down to hell for their pride.[15] The Lord comes out in battle array against a proud person, and singles him out from all the rest, and . . . . saith, 'Let that drunkard and that swearer

[11] "Magnalia" I, p. 351.
[12] Morton, New England's Memorial p. 240.
[13] Morton, New England's Memorial p. 238-239.
[14] E. W. Hooker's "Life of Thomas Hooker" pp. 172-175.
[15] "The Soul's Humiliation" p. 92.

alone a while, but let me destroy that proud heart forever.' You shall submit in spite of your teeth, when the great God of Heaven and earth shall come to execute vengeance."[16] "There must be subjection or else confusion. Will you out-brave the Almighty to His face, and will you dare damnation? . . . . As proud as you, have been crushed and humbled. Where are all those Nimrods, and Pharaohs, and all those mighty monarchs of the world? The Lord hath thrown them flat upon their backs, and they are in hell this day."[17]

Viciously he tears the cloak of culture and convention from his listeners when, without any glazing of rhetoric, he upbraids them for their total depravity, "Thou art dead in trespasses and sins. What is that? A man is wholly possessed with a body of corruption, and the spawn of all abomination both overspread the whole man. . . . . All noisome lusts abound in the soul, and take possession of it, and rule it, and are fed there. . . . No carrion in a ditch smells more loathsomely in the nostrils of man, than a natural man's works do in the nostrils of the Almighty."[18]

He vigorously denounces those who would gain the glory of heaven by their earthly contributions, yet avoid dipping into the well, which is Christ: "If you say your bucket shall help you, you may starve for thirst if you let it not down into the well for water; so though you brag of your praying, and hearing, and fasting, and of your alms, and building of hospitals, and your good deeds, if none of these bring you to Christ, you shall die for thirst."[19] I do not dishonor

[16] "The Soul's Humiliation" p. 94.
[17] "The Soul's Humiliation" p. 223.
[18] "The Soul's Humiliation" pp. 33-34.
[19] Ibid p. 11.

these ordinances, but I curse all carnal confidence in them. . . "[20]

These are bursts of his more vigorous moments, but in a kindlier fashion he consoles the humble and meek, the pure of heart, mind, and deed: "God hath but two thrones; and the humble heart is one."[21] . . . . "An humble soul, a poor soul, a very beggar at the gate of mercy, the Lord will not only know him, ... but he will give him such a gracious look as shall make his heart dance in his breast. Thou poor humbled soul, the Lord will give thee a glimpse of his favor, when thou art tried in thy trouble: and when thou lookest up to heaven, the Lord will look down upon thee."[22] "The power of Christ's prayer will outlive thy life, and the life of thy sins, and set heaven's gates open before thee."[23]

[20] Ibid p. 18.
[21] Ibid p. 213.
[22] Ibid pp. 214-215.
[23] "Christ's Last Prayer" p. 203.

THOMAS SHEPARD

Sympathy is aroused when the predicament of Thomas Shepard is visualized as he stood before the dreaded Laud and was not only ousted from his pulpit but forbidden to preach again within the kingdom. Physically and politically these two men were at opposite extremes: the one whose very name struck terror in the hearts of thousands, sickened countless souls, and darkened innumerable firesides; who caused untold anguish by his unrelenting brutality, shut the gates of foul prisons on innocent victims, and caused men to flee the country for their very lives; the other, possessed of a vigorous mind, but pathetically poor of health; thin, weak, anemic, — an invalid; a lowly pastor, but possessed of an eager desire and wonderful aptitude to preach the gospel.

For four years Thomas Shepard was buffeted about England by the unceasing hostility of Laud, and finally, finding no recourse, sought the refuge of New England shores. In 1636, the year following his migration, he took charge of the church in Cambridge where he continued to hold forth until his untimely death, at the age of forty-four, in 1649.

He was a profound thinker and of a subtile and powerful intellect; his writings are in a clear, and energetic style happily interspersed with a charming eloquence; his manner of speech was so impressive that his successor made reference to it as "The lively voice of this soul-melting preacher."[24] "His writings have been largely read among the clergy, and many

[24] Works of Thomas Shepard II, p. 10.

others have borrowed without reserve both his ideas and his words.[25]

Theologically he was influenced by the characteristic features of his age — raucousness, sulphurousness, and vengefulness. He consigned souls to the Devil copiously and dwelt perpetually on the sin of man and the wrath of God.

Neither common sense nor the considerations of humanity entered his doctrine that all men are contaminated because of Adam's fall. He states that whereas the choice of Adam as our common ancestor was not of our doing, it was made on our behalf ages before we were born, by a Being far superior to us. With this precept secure, he leads us logically to the day of birth, parboiled and steeped in the thousands of sins committed by man in the sixty centuries already passed. Bravely, he launches his dogma: "Every natural man and woman is born full of all sin, as full as a toad is of poison, as full as ever his skin can hold: mind, will, eyes, mouth, every limb of his body, and every piece of his soul, is full of sin: their hearts are bundles of sin."[26] "Thy mind is a nest of all the foul opinions, heresies, that ever were vented by any man; thy heart is a foul sink of all atheism, sodomy, blasphemy, murder, whoredom, adultery, witchcraft, buggery; so that if thou hast any good thing in thee, it is but as a drop of rose-water in a bowl of poison."[27] . . . . "And what hope is there to purge one's self of this unfortunate condition? Can one escape the awful torture of purgatory? Yes, if he makes himself fit in the eyes of God, otherwise: "God shall set

[25] Many passages were taken from a single book of Thomas Shepard's by Jonathan Edwards for his celebrated "Treatise Concerning Religious Affections."

[26] Works of Thomas Shepard I, p. 28.

[27] Ibid.

himself like a consuming infinite fire against thee, and tread thee under his feet, who hast by sin trod him and his glory under foot all thy life . . . . ". The wisdom of God shall then be invoked in torment, "as there was never such power ween in making the world, as in holding a poor creature under this wrath, that holds up the soul in being with one hand, and beats it with the other; ever burning like fire against a creature, and yet that creature never burnt up. Think not this cruelty: it is justice. What cares God for a vile wretch, whom nothing can make good while it lives? If we have been long in hewing a block, and we can make no meet vessel of it, put it to no good use for ourselves, we cast it into the fire. God heweth thee by sermons, sickness, losses and crosses, sudden death, mercies and miseries, yet nothing makes thee better. What should God do with thee, but cast thee hence? O consider of this wrath before you feel it. . . . Thou canst not endure the torments of a little kitchen fire, on the tip of thy finger, not one half hour together. How wilt thou bear the fury of this infinite, endless, consuming fire, in body and soul, throughout all eternity."[28]

After the event of death, "Thy forlorn soul shall lie moaning for the time past, now it is too late to recall again; groaning under the intolerable torments of the wrath of God present, and amazed at the eternity of misery and sorrow that is to come; waiting for that fearful hour, when the last trumpet shall blow, and body and soul meet to bear that wrath, — that fire that shall never go out."[29]

[28] Works of Thomas Shepard I, pp. 42-43.

[29] Ibid I, p. 39.

JOHN COTTON

At the tender age of thirteen, John Cotton entered Emmanuel College, Oxford University, where he continually distinguished himself as a scholar of unusual merit. In a short time he became catechist, chief-lecturer, and dean of his Alma Mater. He was well versed in logic and philosophy as taught in that day; he was a master of Greek and a fluent conversationalist in Latin and Hebrew. In oratory Cotton was a genius and his fame was spread far and wide by the power of his sermons. His pulpit was his hearth and fort, and it was here that he reigned supreme. On several occasions he preached to the entire university easily succeeding in carrying off their unqualified applause at each endeavor. His sermons were the vogue of that time, pedantic, ornate, and pompous, carefully knitted with epigrams and savoring well of conceit. He had a deep sense of the dramatic, utilizing his posture, gestures, and inflections of voice in that manner which furnished the most appropriate background for his sermons.

It was on one of these occasions that a distinguished group of under-graduates, fellows, and professors were attracted in 1612, to the church of Saint Mary, in Cambridge, where John Cotton was to preach. The extraordinary fame of their university fellow, who was then only about twenty-seven years of age, was convincingly shown by this learned assembly that filled the church. At this time, however, Cotton had a decided turn of mind: he viewed his own style of preaching as unworthy, frivolous, pagan; his religious character was rapidly becoming imbued with Puritanism — that poison which was so unwelcomed in

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England. Zealously then, he prepared to give this audience not of himself but something of Jesus Christ. His radical change awed his listeners. Astonishment and disgust swept over them. No single applause punctured the various stages of his discourse as heretofore was usual. With shovel-caps lowered and arms folded, they settled themselves disgustedly and sat it out — sullenly. To them, the promising John Cotton had turned lunatic.

During the twenty years following this courageous sermon, Cotton remained in England filling his life with rich and intense incident. He left the university, accepted the charge of the great church of St. Botolph's at Boston in Lincolnshire, where he availed himself of every opportunity to study the Bible and further the doctrines concerning God and man as expounded by John Calvin. Throughout the land his fame spread as a preacher of singular ability; and although he was not entirely within the good graces of the established church, he was esteemed in the opinion of the influential prelate, Lord Keeper Williams, who told King James that Cotton was a worthy soul and an exceptional preacher, thereby obtaining a promise that Cotton should be unmolested. However, Bishop Laud became primate of England in 1633 under the reign of Charles, and that meant that there was no corner in England which could safely protect John Cotton.

Characteristically, Laud scornfully refused to heed the persuasive words on the part of otherwise influential friends, and viciously sought out John Cotton. After hiding here and there about London, he finally lost his pursuers, slipped out of England hunted like a felon, and at last reached Boston, Massachusetts, in September, 1633.

He was received at once with great joy; he had come apparently in answer to their hopes and prayers. The most popular pulpit was at once given him in the chief town which was named Boston as a compliment to him; his ascendency to the pinnacle of power was immediate, and until the hour of his death nineteen years later, he dispensed his doctrines freely. The first minister at Boston had no belief in the democracy in church and state, placing the state as secondary to the church. His contemporaries honored and rejoiced in him. "I hold myself not worthy to wipe his slippers."[30] William Hubbard tells us that whatever John Cotton "delivered in the pulpit was soon put into an order of court."[31]

Another pastor resorts to verse:

"Rocks rent before him, blind received their sight,
Souls levelled to the dunghill stood upright."[32]

He was without question one of the mightiest men in New England, and enjoyed the homage and respect of every man; yea, "many could hardly believe that God would suffer Mr. Cotton to err."[33] Cromwell wrote him as his "dear friend" and "Your affectionate friend to serve you."[34] Prophecy was closely linked with John Cotton, and upon the event of his death, which many believed impossible, Nathaniel Morton writes: "About the time of his sickness there appeared in the heavens over New England a comet, giving a dim light; and so waxed dimmer and dimmer, until it became quite extinct and went out; which time of its being extinct was soon after the time of the period

[30] Nathaniel Ward in "Memoir" of Ward, p. 83.
[31] Hubbard, "Gen. Hist. of New England" p. 182.
[32] Morton's "New England's Memorial" p. 254.
[33] Narr. Club Pub. IV, p. 42.
[34] Carlyle, "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches" II.

of his life: it being a very signal testimony that God had then removed a bright star, a burning and a shining light out of the heaven of his church here, unto celestial glory above."[35].

These humble bursts of praise, however, must have been inspired by the spoken word of Cotton. A careful search in his many publications reveals no eloquent or lofty passage; he gives no scathing expositions on the torments of hell comparable with a Hooker, nor does he eulogize in the mellow rhetoric of a Shepard. His is merely a jungle of Puritanical discourse devoted largely to the fine points of logic and theology; apparently the spirit, fire, and force of John Cotton went to the grave with him.

A few of the titles of his many publications are sufficiently expressive: "The Bloody Tenet Washed and Made White in the Blood of the Lamb"; "A Brief Exposition upon Canticles"; "The Grounds and Ends of the Baptism of the Children of the Faithful"; "Spiritual Milk for Babes"; "The Way of the Congregational Churches Cleared"; and "A Treatise concerning Predestination."

[35] Morton's "New England's Memorial" pp. 251-252.

PETER BULKLEY AND OTHERS

Of the various theologians who were contemporaneous with Hooker, Shepard, and Cotton, in this first period, none is more deserving of mention than Peter Bulkley, John Norton, and William Hooke. Each of these men contributed in writing such literature as will further our impressions of the theology and thought of that unique period, and which will forever prohibit the dissolution of their names in the limbo of the forgotten past.

The first of these men, PETER BULKLEY, was born in 1683. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, rector of Woodhill, Bedfordshire, for twenty-one years, he finally emigrated to Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1635, because of the pressure brought upon him by the terrible Archbishop Laud. In 1636, the year following his arrival in New England, Bulkley "carried a good number of planters with him up further into the woods,"[36] and established the town of Concord. Here he remained as pastor until his death in 1659. Bulkley was the personification of Puritanism, depicting its characteristics in his austere looks, and primness of dress; he was quick-tempered, sharp of tongue, stern, and precise to an extreme. Withal his heart was kindly and his hand ever ready to fulfill the benignant dictates of his kindliness. His book "The Gospel Covenant, or the Covenant of Grace Opened" held, during his life-time and for a considerable period following his death, a conspicuous place in Puritan literature. It is a ponderous treatise — the devotion of a life-time — made up of the sermons preached at Concord, exhaustively crammed with Biblical learning and

[36] "Magnalia" I, p. 400.

such acumen and industry as made up the lives of the early theologians.

The subject matter concerns itself with the religious factors of that day, treading logically and victoriously to the end leaving no stone unturned and no enemy unvanquished; the style is strong and robust, but too hampered for a sustained interest by the stiffness of the many Scriptural texts. Near the conclusion he makes an interesting appeal to the people of New England: "We are as a city set upon an hill, in the open view of all the earth; the eyes of the world are upon us because we profess ourselves to be a people in covenant with God. . . . There is no people but will strive to excel in something. What can we excel in, if not in holiness? If we look to number, we are the fewest; if to strength, we are the weakest; if to wealth and riches, we are the poorest of all the people of God through the whole world. We cannot excel, nor so much as equal, other people in these things; and if we come short in grace and holiness too, we are the most despicable people under heaven. . . . "[37]

The second theologian of this group is JOHN NORTON who was also a Cambridge scholar. In 1635, at the age of twenty-nine, he came to New England, settling at Ipswich, Mass.; eighteen years later he went to Boston to fill the pulpit vacated by the death of John Cotton; in 1633 he went to England with Simon Bradstreet for purposes of conciliation with Charles the Second, his return being shortly followed by his death in the same year.

Norton was well known for his scholarly achievements and his long list of writings. He was a thorough Puritan well versed in the Puritan theology, and a

[37] "The Gospel Covenant" pp. 431-432.

frank advocate of persecution for any and all who remained to live in New England while harboring unorthodox opinions.

His books are not only uninteresting but almost unreadable inasmuch as they are formal, stiff, and over-technical in arrangement, monotonous and dry in diction. In "The Life and Death of that deservedly famous man of God, Mr. John Cotton," he deviates frequently and to great length, in order to take every opportunity to moralize; and the meager thread of what purports to be a biography is soon lost in a maze of citations.

Another contemporary of this group is WILLIAM HOOKE, born in 1601, educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and for many years vicar at Axmouth, Devonshire. He too came to New England for his peace of mind, and from 1637, the year following his arrival, until 1645, he was minister of Taunton, Massachusetts. From the latter date until about 1656, he was church teacher in New Haven whence he departed to return to England as the chaplain to the Protector: he died in England in 1677.

To the end of his life, Hooke remained a loyal American, retaining warm and brotherly affection and interest in the communities where for a score of years he had been an esteemed citizen. Most of his writings are sermons of substantial literary merit and savoring well of the American thought and emotion characteristic of that period. From their distant perspective, the colonists could foresee that the disturbances then present in England would eventually lead to bloody and horrible strife. On the twenty-third of July, 1640, Hooke delivered his best sermon: "New England's Tears for Old England's Fears," passionately indicative of the undying love of the colonists for the

Mother country. "There is no land that claims our name but England; . . . . there is no nation that calls us countrymen but the English . . . . that pleasant island, ... that garden of the Lord, that paradise."[38] In the words of the preacher, the awful hell of an imminent civil war unfolds itself: "Oh, the shrill, ear-piercing clangs of the trumpets, noise of drums, the animating voice of horse-captains and commanders, learned and learning to destroy! . . . . Here ride some dead men swagging in their deep saddles; there fall others alive upon their dead horses; death sends a message to those from the mouth of the muskets; these it talks with face to face, and stabs them in the fifth rib. In yonder file there is a man who hath his arm struck off from his shoulder; another by him hath lost his leg; here stands a soldier with half a face; there fights another upon his stumps, and at once both kills and is killed; not far off lies a company wallowing in their sweat and gore; such a man whilst he chargeth his musket is discharged of his life, and falls upon his dead fellow. Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood. Death reigns in the field, and is sure to have the day, which side soever falls. . . . A day of battle is a day of harvest for the devil."[39]

"Old England, dear England still, ... left indeed by us in our persons, but never yet forsaken in our affections."[40]

[38] The Sermon p. 16.
[39] The Sermon pp. 20-21.
[40] The Sermon, p. 23.

CHARLES CHAUNCEY

A potent force and proud contributor to American letters, a zealous churchman typical of the growing liberal movement in New England, was Charles Chauncey, Cambridge graduate, professor, vicar of Ware, and non-conformist, a brilliant, far-seeing progressive. He came to Plymouth in 1638 for two reasons: the first, to accept a parish in that town; the second, to avoid incarceration in an English jail for numerous and flagrant breaches of the church of England codes. Three years later he answered a call to Scituate where he remained some thirteen years, industrious in his studying, teaching, preaching, and the practice of medicine. After suffering extreme poverty and the criticisms of his contemporaries, he resolved to bear it no longer and engaged passage at Boston on a ship bound for England.

At the moment of departure, he was approached with an offer of the presidency of Harvard College following the ousting of the Baptist heretic, Henry Dunster. His success as an educator, guide, and administrator is an admirable commentary upon his tremendous energy and industry. His never-flagging enthusiasm was until his death in 1672, a great force in American education.

His writings were many, but his published works few. They were liberally sprinkled with the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin of the old classical scholar, but it is surprising to find beneath the harsh severity of his style an amazing wit, sparklingness, and delightful imagination.

His sermons have a sonorous organ note of inspiration and are filled with a word-painting not less vivid

than Cotton Mather's hell-fire damnations. Twenty-six of these sermons, he collected and had published in London, "The Plain Doctrine of the Justification of a Sinner in the Sight of God." A typical quotation follows: "It was unknown torment that our Savior underwent. He encountered both the Father's wrath . . . and entered the lists with Satan and all the powers of darkness . . . all the devils in hell were up in arms and issued out of their gates; principalities and powers are all let loose against the Redeemer of the world. . . . Then let us pursue our sins with all possible detestations . . . stab them to the heart till they bleed their last, that drew the blood of Christ."

All but one of his published works are sermons. This one "Antisynodalia Scripta Americana" appearing from a London press in 1662, is a vitriolic attack against the bigotry of the English church and the listless attitude of the New England worshippers. It is pamphlet length and lacks the finish of his writings. Cramped, over-formal, and dull, it is of little value to the student of early colonial literature. Chauncey did, however, in the majority of his literary labors establish himself as a guide-post for those to follow as a master of epithet, epigram, logic, and comparison; a man able to condense *multum in parvo* without sacrificing style, interest, or thought content to over-laconic brevity.

MATHER BYLES

One of the most curious of early colonial litterateurs was Mather Byles, "Tory punster and a clerical buffoon." While an inveterate joker, humorist, and wit, he was at the same time, contradictorily, a most sincere and devoted preacher. So far as literature is concerned, we must look largely to his sermons wherein his greater strength lay. But in attitude if not in work, he was a man of letters. His friendship with Pope, of whose style and air he was a devout emulator, was a significant milestone in his life. He had an ease in writing which, if it failed to raise him to poet-dom, at least yielded him the profit of facile speech and polished oratory.

He was an imagist and his few published sermons teem with examples, *vide:* "The chariots of God are twenty thousand angels; and He maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flame of fire. A whole host of our mortal warriors shall wither in a night before one of them, and strew the pale camp with a hundred and fourscore and five thousand corpses. Beneath them, the stars keep their military watch, the outguards of the celestial army."[41]

Byles is considerable to our ends not because of his particular creative ability, but for his very human manner, his mastery of figures of speech, and his earnest, impassioned, yet always level-headed leadership and inspiration.

[41] Artillery Sermon for 1740, pp. 9-14.

JOHN BARNARD

In Marblehead after fifty-six years of preaching, and at the age of eighty-eight, John Barnard, physical and intellectual giant, died, mourned by a dozen townships. In 1700, after graduating from Harvard, he went to his father's house and began his preparation for preaching. He became a military chaplain in 1707, visited in England in 1709-10, and finally in 1714, he began his work at Marblehead.

He was an omnivorous reader, following with tremendous interest the sciences, particularly mathematics; and he was accounted no mean linguist and wrestler with divine subtleties. He was the author of numerous works including a version of the Psalms in 1752; a sketch of eminent New England divines; "Sermons on Several Subjects" in 1727; and "The Imperfection of the Creature and the Excellency of the Divine Commandment" in 1747.

Barnard was a thorough logician, a keen-minded persuader with the intuition of the lawyer and mathematician combined. His style is flowing, somewhat imaginative, and colorful; it has even a delicate tone-quality, at times, which is generally quickly replaced by the harsher overtones of cool intellectual virility. A touch of bitter satire steals across the page ever and anon, but always, no matter what the task confronting him, he remains a gentleman.

JONATHAN EDWARDS

Cotton Mather's only intellectual, conscientious, and spiritual peer in colonial days was Jonathan Edwards, son of one of the most intelligent and gently born couples of New England. From East Windsor, Connecticut, his birthplace, he went to Yale, entering at the age of thirteen in 1716. Already, he could read facilely Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, as well as the most involved and subtle English works.

His life at Yale was marked by unusual scholarly achievement and honors, and shortly after his graduation he became a minister in New York. From the summer of 1724 to 1726 he was a tutor at Yale, leaving to accept a pastorate in Northampton in 1727. Here he continued until 1750 whence he went to Stockbridge for seven years as a missionary to the Indians in the vicinity. In February 1758 he became president of the College of New Jersey, holding that office but a few weeks when his death occurred on March the twenty-second.

Edwards, like Cotton Mather, proved himself a prodigy early in life. His argument with a schoolboy friend at the age of twelve concerning the question whether the soul were material and only separated from the body at the resurrection is indicative, particularly in the Socratic manner of his attack, that here was indeed a genius. While still in Yale his original studies in the field of mental philosophy, including the cause, substance, motion, consciousness, and so on, of the mind suggests that Edwards was one of the first of our American psycho-philosophical investigators.

In all fields his tremendous mind seems to have browsed: in physics as well as metaphysics, in natural

history and human history, in chemistry and the languages.

While a pastor in Northampton he was constantly warring with ill-health, poverty, domestic troubles, public persecution, and misfortune, but his nature rising above all these mundane difficulties became enriched by suffering and more powerful through adversity.

Having trained himself in early youth to the regular use of his pen, he found himself hard put to it to afford even the cheapest paper for his writings. His daughters were doing embroidery and fan-making to carry him along, but many times he was forced to scribble on old letters, pamphlet margins and book leaves.

His mind was never at rest whether walking, riding, or sitting, and a thirteen-hour day was an easy one for him. Always he was occupied with the immediate theological problems — the orthodox religion being Calvinism — and he was well-suited to wrestle with trials of that ferocious doctrine.

Against the accepted idea that Edwards was a great orator we must place the facts that he was, according to the standards of the great period splitters of the day, only a second-rate speaker. Nevertheless, he had certain qualities that made him the pen of the best — deep sincerity, dignified solemnity, and keen irresistible logic. It is said that after preaching at Enfield, Connecticut, before a traditionally dull and uninspired audience, the congregation was so aroused in fear and agony that "the preacher was obliged to speak to the people and desire silence that he might be heard."[42]

This Enfield sermon was entitled "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." It contained ten points for consideration, any one of which was enough to

[42] Works of J. Edwards I, p. 605.

cause even the most saintly to give himself up for lost. Point one: God can, at any moment, cast the wicked into hell; two: they deserve to be cast into hell; three: they have already been condemned; four: they are now the object for the wrath of God; five: the Devil stands ready to seize whomever God relinquishes; six: only God's restraints prevent certain devilish principles in the souls of men, bursting out any moment: seven: this is, however, no proof of protection: eight: a desire to preserve one's life or anybody else's effort to preserve it, will not promise security; nine: no matter how a wicked man attempts to circumvent his hellish destination, he will be unsuccessful: ten: God has not promised to keep *anybody* out of hell."

It should be obvious that the energetic heaping up of these scarcely encouraging views of the hereafter left an audience, on the conclusion of point ten, almost more ready to die immediately and face whatever devils eternity might hold, than to live and have to listen to this: "The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked . . . you hang by a slender thread with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it . . . he will crush you under his feet; he will crush out your blood . . . so as to stain all his rainment."

Because he was the author of "The Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will"; defender of Calvinism, model of his own preaching; because in complete contrast to the most disagreeable feature of Cotton Mather's personality, he was, above all, meek, submissive, willing to grant his faults before trying to correct them in others; because — though his published works, in comparison to those of the great Mather's, were rela-

tively few — because his writing shows in its simplicity of form, directness of manner, logic, reason, and force, qualities which raise it far above the abstruse and assinine polysyllablizing of many of the colonial scribblers, we name Jonathan Edwards as worthy of a place in the Hall of Fame among the great litterateurs of the pre-Revolutionary period.

JOHN HIGGINSON

Among the ministers, whose works attempt to carry on the dying characteristics of the old English prose, is John Higginson.

Coming to Salem when he was thirteen years of age in 1629, he was educated there, and grew up to fill many years with his work of teacher and pastor in Connecticut. He then returned to Salem in 1659, as minister of the church his father founded, and there he died.

As with all leaders of churches, he held an enviable place in the community, being a capable and Godly man.

Of all his publications, of which there are eight, the one of most importance is his "Attestation" to the "Magnalia," a preface of that book. His style is heavy and plodding, but in many spots it rises to real literary heights.

JOHN HIGGINSON

JONATHAN MAYHEW

Jonathan Mayhew, a Boston minister, had a reputation for a kind of gifted and inspired oratory, and a facile and persuasive pen that made him assume an almost oracular office in his community. He stood for courageous conduct in politics and freedom from the cant of the old theology. His writings while unpublished during the colonial period prove him to be the possessor of knowledge, reason, wit, and humor — a rare combination for a Puritan. Since he is, with Charles Chauncey on the border-line between Colonial and Revolutionary times, we may say no more about him that would not encroach upon his accomplishments in the following period. It is enough, therefore, to note that he forms another link in that glorious chain of writers who through inspiration, scholarship, and courage, directed American writing toward its present place among the literatures of the world.

URIAN OAKES

Although, through his "Elegy upon the Death of Thomas Shepard," Urian Oakes may be classed among the versifiers, most of his work was in sermon writing, and he may be said to be the very best of such writers during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Though born in New England, he spent many years in England, returning in 1671. In 1672 he was called upon to give the annual sermon for the Boston Artillery Company. His speech, which was printed in 1674 under the title of "The Unconquerable, All-conquering, and more than Conquering Soldier," was an an analogy in which he compared the soldier and the Christian.

The title in itself is a guide to the meat of the manuscript; it is a march, "his rhetoric has a martial movement; his sentences ring like bugle notes."[43]

In describing Christ's soldier, he says, "He is a man of war from his birth. . . . He hath his banner to fight under. . . . He hath his arms and weapons, offensive and defensive, to fight withal. He hath his soldierly qualifications and military accomplishments, — courage, skill, patience, hope of victory, faithfulness to . . . his General, orderliness, disposition to endure hardship, . . . a soldier well appointed, . . . to dispute it out with any adversary."[44]

He continues with the observation that a wicked person is likewise a soldier, but a soldier working against God. Thus the two forces for good and bad contend, but Christians "may be opposed, combated,

[43] Tyler, Hist. of American Literature p. 164.
[44] The Sermon p. 5.

and contended withal, but never routed, run down, totally defeated, or overthrown."[45]

Also, "Death may kill them, but cannot conquer them."[46]

Then, after the battle, comes peace and the Christians are triumphant in heaven — far from the strife and warfare, "and enjoying their reward."[47]

Again in 1673, Oakes delivered an election — sermon, entitled "New England Pleaded With" which was published that same year in Cambridge. Although this has not the striking effect of his martial sermon, it is full of caustic comment on the evils in New England — on its worldliness and departure from godly ways. Tyler quotes this passage as being essentially aphoristic: "It is the property of Englishmen, much more of religious Englishmen, and should be most of all of religious New-Englishmen to be tenacious, and tender of their liberties."[48]

Then, four years later, he delivered an address for the Artillery Company on "The Sovereign Efficacy of Divine Providence" which was printed in 1682, post-humously.

In this he concerns himself with a discussion of King Philip's War, and bewails the injuries and horrors inflicted by the Indians. He says that soldiers should beware making an enemy of God — it is enough to have enemies on earth.

Cotton Mather has justly called this man "the Lactautius of New England,"[49] and also a man who "was an orpheus that would have drawn the very stones to discipline."[50]

[45] Ibid p. 2.
[46] The Sermon p. 16.
[47] Ibid p. 4.
[48] Ibid p. 50.
[49] "Magnalia" II, p. 124.
[50] "Magnalia" II, p. 116.

SAMUEL SEWALL

Samuel Sewall came to New England with his father, one of the first pioneers, who did not however, bring his family until 1661. He was educated at Harvard and rose quickly to Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. He died in 1728, a credit and honor to the New England stock.

Cultured, sympathetic, generous, he had at the same time, an indomitable courage which made him the champion of the right. His ability to see and correct his own faults caused his confession publicly of his complete misapprehension concerning witchcraft, and throughout his life he sorrowed for his earlier condemnation of the witches.

His "The Selling of Joseph," published 1700, so completely covered the negro slavery question in America, that nothing new or more constructive was left for discussion for one hundred and fifty years. The book shows the influence of his early theological training plus his later legal experience. It is significant for its clarity, logic, pungency, and aphorisms. He sounded a note repeated long afterwards, "All men, as they are the sons of Adam, are co-heirs, and have equal right to liberty, and all other outward comforts of life."

His published works include a most naive discussion of the true seat of the New Jerusalem entitled "Phaenomena Quaedam Apocalyptica; or a Description of the New Heaven as it makes to those who stand upon the New Earth" . . . "as long as Nature shall not grow old and dote, but shall constantly remember to give the sons of Indian corn their education by pairs; so long shall Christians be born there, and being first

SAMUEL SEWALL

made meet, shall from thence be translated to be made partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

Following his reading of a book "The British Apollo" which questioned whether females were included in the resurrection, since they seem not to be needed there, he brought out an essay, shortly after his daughter's death titled: "Talitha Cumi; or an Invitation to Women to Look After Their Inheritance in the Heavenly Mansion."[51] He answers the questions raised by the "British Apollo" saying, "if we should wait till all the ancients are agreed in their opinions, neither men nor women would ever get to heaven."

[51] Sewall, Mass. Hist. Soc. Proc., 1873, p. 380.

SOLOMON STODDARD

Here is a man about whom it was said during his ministry in Northampton, — "for some years the most aged minister in the province, . . . a Peter here among the disciples and ministers of our Lord Jesus, very much our primate and a prince among us."[52] Born in Boston in 1643 to an eminent family his father a merchant, and his mother a sister of Sir George Downing, graduated from Harvard in 1662, he went from there to Northampton in 1662, where death found him in 1669.

Singularly enough, he apparently did little or no writing, which was published, until near the close of his life. From then on his printed works were abundant consisting of treatises, pamphlets, sermons, and the like.

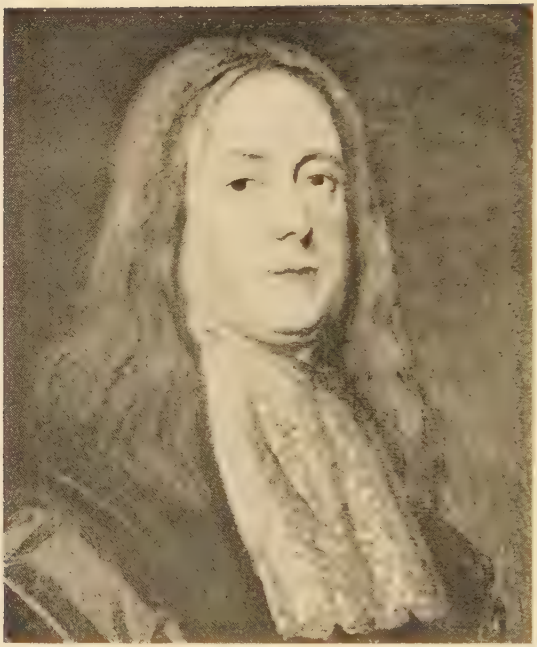
True to his times, he wrote "An Answer to Some Cases of Conscience Respecting the Country" (1722) in which he discussed dogmatic and petty questions to the nth degree. Take for instance, "Is it lawful to wear long hair?" — whereupon he indulges in a long harangue upon the unlawfulness of having long tresses, and is then struck with the thought that even though men cut their hair, there are, hence, wigs to be considered, and so "Is it lawful to wear periwigs?"

Four reasons he gives denouncing it as evil:

1. "It is an uncontentedness with that provision" (natural hair) "that God has made for men . . . ."
2. "It is wastefulness . . . ."
3. "It is pride . . . ."
4. "It is contrary to gravity . . . ."[53]

[52] Benj. Colman, Sermon on Death of Stoddard, quoted in W. B. Sprague, "Annals of Amer. Pulpit" I, p. 174.

[53] "An Answer," etc., pp. 6-7.



WILLIAM STOUGHTON

So on he writes — from hair to what time of evening the Sabbath begins — to "Did we wrong the Indians in buying their land at a small price?"[54]

WILLIAM STOUGHTON

We now come to a man who was both minister and politician. Born in 1631, a graduate of Harvard at nineteen years, he started life as a minister very creditably, and then entered into politics where he held about every office conceivable in Massachusetts.

During the witch-hanging era in Salem, he was Chief-Justice. Unfortunately, he seemed to lose all balance, and fell feverishly to work persecuting the hapless victims of superstition. Hence his name comes down to us sullied by his grievous acts at this time.

Of his literary works we may be concerned mainly with his election sermon, delivered in 1668 and titled "New England's True Interest, not to Lie." A later piece of work, "A Narrative of the Proceedings of Andros," published in 1691, was written while in politics, and is a very boxing and dull treatise.

"New England's True Interest, not to Lie" is concerned mainly with the idea that the early settlers in New England were a people chosen by God; a heritage to live up to — and not to revile — one sentence from this work has become immortal. "God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness."[55]

To expand a bit we quote also, "thy God did expect

[54] Ibid pp. 4-5.

[55] The Sermon p. 19.

better things from thee and thy children; not worldliness and insatiable desire after perishing things;"[56] here he enumerates things from which to refrain — such as "whoredoms," drunkenness," "oaths," "oppressions," "slanderings," "rudeness," "not an itching after new things and ways," . . . "not a growing weary of government, and a drawing loose in the yoke of God; not these things, but better things, O New England, hath thy God expected from thee."[57]

SAMUEL WILLARD

The successor to Increase Mather to the presidency of Harvard College was Samuel Willard, minister and scholar. Born in Concord in 1640, he graduated from Harvard in 1659. His first church was in Groton, and from there he went to the Old South Church in Boston. He died in 1707.

Samuel Willard was considered to be one of the most learned man of his times; his writings were numerous, but the one work which exemplifies his name is that called "A Complete Body of Divinity." This is a treatise of nine hundred and fourteen pages — and those printed in double columns and very small type. Indeed, so lengthy and learned was the book, that Tyler says after scanning the copy which Yale College acquired in 1727, that he found the names of only two ambitious souls, inscribed at the end of the book — namely the following: "Timothy Pitkin perlegit, A. D. 1765" and "Lyman perlegit, 1742."

[56] Ibid p. 20.
[57] Ibid p. 20.

The book contained everything in the way of a theological education, though apparently, few had the persistence to read it through. The writer not only set forth theories, but practically applied them.

"The whole effect is meritorious to brain and to moral sense; and the book might still serve to make men good Christians as well as good theologians — if only there were still left upon the earth the men capable of reading it."[58]

Evidently Willard worked most laboriously and conscientiously. We see this reflected also in his lectures begun in 1688, and ending only with his death. His purpose was to circumscribe "the whole circle of religion," taking each subject one by one. These lectures were published post-mortem in 1727.

[58] Tyler, Hist. of American Literature p. 169.

Chapter Four

THE POETS and THE VERSIFIERS

Roger Wolcott
William Morrell
Anne Bradstreet
John Adams
Mather Byles
Benjamin Colman
Peter Folger
Joseph Green
John Maylem
Nicholas Noyes
John Norton
Urian Oakes
Peter Oliver
John Seccomb
Jane Turell
Benjamin Tompson
Michael Wigglesworth
Samuel Wigglesworth
John Rogers
Francis Knapp

THE VERSIFIERS

It is at first amazing, perhaps, in the face of the strait-laced, rock-ribbed principles of Puritanism to find a group of voices engaged otherwise than in the calling-down of hell-fire and brimstone upon congregations; in fact, singing verses. Naturally, with the basic belief that whatever was an influence for good in life belonged to God, whatever of pleasure and gaiety, to the devil, the Calvinistic hymns offered the first poets a model for their efforts.

Poetry did, in fact, catch a definite hold upon New England. It received its impetus, perhaps, in 1647 from the kindly suggestion to a Massachusetts minister, Samuel Stone, upon the death of his friend and colleague, Thomas Hooker of Hartford, an eminent preacher. "You may think whether it may not be comely for you and myself, and some other elders, to make a few verses for Mr. Hooker, and transcribe them in the beginning of his book."[1] Poetry grew from this to an important place in American letters.

It was during this early period that the first Boston minister, JOHN WILSON, gained considerable note from his enthusiastic and prolific production of verse on any and all occasions and subjects. Characteristic of the early writing, it was filled to saturation with far-fetched allegory, abortive puns, well-meant but silly figures of all kinds. It was received, however, as a sincere and admirable effort and aped and imitated largely.

An outstanding monument to the early versifiers is "The Bay State Psalm Book," the result of the joint

[1] Annals of Am. Pulpit, I, p. 35. From letter to W. B. Sprague.

efforts of ministers of both England and New England. It stands alone in its unusualness. Conceived and executed by Richard Mather, John Eliot, and Thomas Welde, it is worthy of at least passing mention. Since it is a translation and arrangement of the original Psalms, it smacks throughout of its Hebraic parentage. Learned, antique in diction, masterful in sincerity, it is a book intensely interesting to the student of literature. Much care was taken in the selection of passages that had to be suitable from innumerable angles to the stiff Puritanical faith. It was brought out in 1640, from Cambridge, Massachusetts, entitled "The Whole Book of Psalms, Faithfully Translated into English Metre." Interestingly enough, it is the first real book in English ever to come from an American printing press.

It is a conscientious, stentorous affair, admirable from the standpoint of earnest research and honest effort. Literally considered, it is a bizarre combination of clumsy phrases, bursts of inspired thought, labored, be-sweated reaches of psuedo rhyme. Attend certain difficulties with Fifty-first Psalm:

> "Create in me cleane heart at last
> God: a right spirit in me new make.
> Nor from thy presence quite me cast,
> Thy holy sprite not from me take.
> Me thy salvations joy restore,
> And stay me with thy spirit free.
> I will transgressors teach thy lore,
> And sinners shall be turned to thee."[2]

[2] "The Bay State Psalm Book" (1st Edition, Boston Pub. Lib.).

ROGER WOLCOTT

A gentleman whose enthusiasm for poetry — disregarding all consideration that at least a sketchy background of education is helpful in appreciating and writing verse — took precedence over his better judgment, is Roger Wolcott, an entirely ignorant, but thrifty, studious, and diligent citizen of Windsor, Connecticut. By tremendous energy and zeal he rose to prominence both in military and political affairs, concluding his career, after being governor of the state for four years, in 1767.

It was said of him: "His one human frailty lurked in an invincible illusion that he was a poet; and surely a man who could storm and carry so many heights of difficulty — might he not hope to carry by storm the heights of Parnassus also? Other poets found inspiration in patriotic memories; he also."[3]

Bits of his verse found their way into print infrequently during his lifetime, but with the exception of a little pamphlet "Poetical Meditations, being the Improvement of some vacant Hours," nothing of his has been left to posterity. A biographer says: "Upon the whole the 'Poetical Meditations' of Roger Wolcott are sad rubbish. He himself described them as 'the improvement of some vacant hours'." One finds it hard to imagine by what possibility such things could have been an improvement upon any sort of vacancy likely to occur in this good man's hours. For ourselves, we could have been content had his hours

[3] Tyler, Hist. of Am. Lit., Vol. II, p. 45.

remained vacant; and putting our own interpretation on his words, we thoroughly agree with the author himself when, in one place, he drops the judicious observation,

> "These very Meditations are
> Quite insupportable to bear."[4]

[4] Ibid p. 46.

WILLIAM MORRELL

Out of the trash and litter of the initial poetic attempts, certain works of one William Morrell remain to point the way to lasting creation. An English gentleman, scholar, and philosopher, he lived among the colonists a while, exercising a nominal superintendence over the New England churches. His time was spent to great extent studying the character of newcomers and the original inhabitants of the country, their lives and habits, the climates in which they lived. The results of this study he anthologized in a long poem written in the excellent Oxford Latin of the time, and entitled "Nova Anglia."

His translation is scarcely satisfactory. Peripatetic, diffuse, awkward, it lacks the high tone of his work in the original which fact is perhaps explainable on the basis of his greater expertness in Latin than in his own language.

In the brief introductory stanza of "Nova Anglia," he regrets his literary shortcomings and his lack of linguistic facility, saying in part:

> "My muse is plain, concise; her fame's to tell
> In truth and method. Love or leave. Farewell."[5]

The poem that follows opens with a delightful description of New England, its soils, climates, potentialities woven felicitously together. He then turns to a consideration of the Indians and appeals for their spiritual aid. Concluding, after many lines concerning the duty of man to man and to his God, he tells the purpose of his writing and the hopes for the future, . . . to see here built, I trust, an English kingdom from this Indian dust."[6]

[5] Reprinted I Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll. I, pp. 125-139.
[6] Ibid.

ANNE BRADSTREET

After these examples of what may generously be called early poets and poetry, it is refreshing to turn to the author of "The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America; or Several Poems, compiled with great variety of wit and learning, full of delight; wherein especially is contained a complete discourse and description of the four elements, constitutions ages of man, seasons of the year; together with an exact epitome of the four monarchies, viz., the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman; also a dialogue between Old England and New concerning the late troubles; with divers other pleasant and serious poems, by a gentlewoman in those parts, printed at London for Stephen Boutell, at the sign of the Bible in Pope's Head Alley, 1650."[7]

Anne Bradstreet, nee Dudley, was born in England in 1612, the daughter of a stern Puritan steward of the estates of the Earl of Lincoln. In 1630, two years after her marriage at sixteen to Simon Bradstreet, a man of education, character, and industry, she set sail for the new country. Brought up in the pleasant traditions and environing beauty of English country life, she was at first discouraged and depressed by the primitive surroundings into which she was so rudely thrust. Her faith in the direction of God's will comforted and enheartened her, presently, however, and with true poet's heart she turned to whatever beauties she might find and meditate upon.

After some years of shifting residence due to the unsettled conditions of labor, Bradstreet and his wife settled hard by Andover where they lived the rest of their lives, Anne dying in 1672.

[7] Complete works including this volume in 1867 in Charlestown, Mass.

She wrote a small amount of prose, certain examples indicating a real capacity for literary conception, *vide:* "Religious Experiences" and "Meditations Divine and Moral." But her claim to a place in New England literature arises from her poetic endeavors. When one considers her verse, one must remember it to be the product of a farmer's wife, mother of eight children, living under the rigid rules of Puritanism, to whom Jonson and Shakespeare, Fletcher and Shirley, meant only examples of the Devil's ingenuity.

Like the early poetasters she strewed her verse with the usual puns and fantastic figures learned from aping Quarles, Du Bartas, and Wither. Even Cowley and Dryden may be criticized for certain ugly, unaesthetic, aborted passages that Mrs. Bradstreet used as models for her rhyme.

Her works may be divided into three groups: eulogies, elegies, and epitaphs; two long poems: "A Dialogue between Old England and New" and "Contemplations"; and finally, a series of ponderous gigantesque poems in quaternions.

The first division we may pass over lightly as neither characteristic of her poetry nor important in early verse. The second group represents particularly in "Old England and New," Anne Bradstreet as the apostle of freedom, the avenging angel, the vitriol-tongued champion of the oppressed, a fighter for women's rights as well as men's:

> "Now say, have women worth or have they none?
> Or had they some but with our Queen is't gone?
> Nay masculines, you have thus taxed us long;
> But she, though dead, will vindicate our wrong.
> Let such as say our sex is void of reason
> Know 'tis a slander now, but once was treason."

[8] Works of Anne Bradstreet.

She strikes with flaming sword the viciousness of politics; the mercenary bent of men. Bitter sarcasm, biting wit, and crackling epigram play across the pages of this poem.

It is in "Contemplations" that she touches the note most poetic, most typical of the kind of verse she loved to write. It was written near the close of her life within the sound of the brawling Merrimac River, and it shows more clearly Anne Bradstreet's claim to literary fame than any of the rest of her works. It is simple, natural, genuine. It seems to feel no longer the restraint of rhetorical ornamentation and awkward metricalizing.

"Sitting alone where none saw or heard
In pathless paths I led my wandering feet;
My humble eyes to lofty skies I reared
To sing some song my mazéd muse thought meet."

Again:

"I once that loved the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell."

And again:

"While musing thus, with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet-tongued Philomel perched o'er my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain
Which rap me so with wonder and delight,
I judged my hearing better than my sight,
And wished my wings with her awhile to take my flight."

"Longing for Heaven" is likewise a graceful lyrical and simple poem conceived with sincere sympathy and pathos:

"A pilgrim, I, on earth perplexed,
With sins and cares and sorrows vexed
By age and pains brought to decay
And my clay house mouldering away
Oh, how I long to be at rest
And soar on high among the blest."

In the third group of quaternions we find perhaps her most ambitious and scholarly, and at the same time stupid and bombastic verses. The first one is called "The Four Elements" and purports to be the struggle for supremacy of Earth, Air, Fire, and Water. After a huge amount of fine-sounding periods and impassioned phrases setting forth the preliminary battle of these elements for first place in establishing their individual merits, a compromise is effected whereby Fire is allowed to recount her services to the world. Then follow Earth, Water, and Air. It is a tea-pot tempest, a boring collection of psuedo-literary hocus-pocus, an *olla podrida* of asinine braggadocio. Listen to the loquacious Air pleading her cause:

"Nay what are words which do reveal the mind?
Speak who or what they will they are but wind.
Your drums, your trumpets, and your organ's sound,
What is't but forcéd air which doth rebound?
And such are echoes and report of th' gun
That tells afar the exploit which it hath done.

. . . . .

Ye forging smiths if bellows once were gone,
Your red-hot work more coldly would go on."

And this Air, "full of sound and fury," line after line of sheer drivel, gaseous pother! Yet from time to time Anne's poetic genius rears its battered head above the tumult of the searing fire, stolid earth, roaring water, and belching air, to cast a few faint gems into the seething crucible and sink again into oblivion:

"Sometimes red-flaming swords and blazing stars
Portentious signs of famines, plagues, and wars
. . . make mighty monarchs fear their fates."

Judged from her best work, Anne Bradstreet may be considered the outstanding New England poet of

the early Colonial period. Possessing a keen intellect, deep insight, discriminating powers of observation, a capacity for heroic thoughts and expression, she stands, once stripped of her less-worthy efforts, an important guide post along the way where marches literature — the first colonist to take up versifying as a vocation.

JOHN ADAMS

The Reverend John Adams of Cambridge, Harvard graduate, linguist, minister, and versifier, was born in Nova Scotia in 1704. Locally famous for his scholarship and literary prowess, he was considered one of the most promising of the new voices at the time of his death in 1740. Five years later his poetic efforts were collected in a book called "Poems on Several Occasions." Typical of the period, it had within it poems of "Joy," "Melancholy," "Perfection," and so on — poems, as one of his biographers says, "not absolutely indispensable to the world's continued existence or peace of mind." A satirical bit on the love of money earned him the applause of his contemporaries, but the Reverend John Adams, delightful and cultured gentleman, though he was, never originated, always imitated ideas.

BENJAMIN COLMAN AND JANE TURELL

Following the example set by Knapp, Benjamin Colman, possessed of the most charming personality, an earnest and gifted orator and preacher, set about the new verse forms with results more or less successful. If he produced nothing of literary value, he at least commanded a tremendous amount of respect for his Addisonian sermonic essays from his parishioners who read every work with enthusiastic praise and lavish encomiums. Jane Turell, Colman's precociously remarkable daughter, fired by her father's inspiration turned out an amount of lines granted by him to be "not unworthy of his own pen" in praise of those she had been instructed to revere as poets of God — Sir Richard Blackmore and Doctor Watts. Nothing of this group's work remains as faintly comparable to literature or even suggests a general literary trend. Their names were "writ in water."

PETER FOLGER

Thomas Mayhew, a missionary to the Indians on the island of Nantucket had with him in 1676, during the Indian wars raging throughout New England, an assistant, Peter Folger by name, a schoolmaster, surveyor, and lay-preacher. Folger, after due consideration concerning the troublous times, felt called upon to burst into rhyme calculated to point out that all this difficulty was the result of divine wrath incurred by the godless colonists. In a ballad, long-drawn-out, ungrammatical, and wildly energetic, he sets forth the reasons for this punishment of Providence. "A Looking-Glass for the Times; or The Former Spirit of New England Revived in This Generation"[9] has not one reach of poetry within its limits, not one touch of the cultural, not a phrase suggestive of spiritual insight. It has, however, tremendous vitality, and sincerity, and is significant in its implication that verse was seeking up and down the rocky New England coast for means of expression.

"But I shall cease and set my name
To what I here insert,
Because to be a libeller,
I hate it with my heart.

. . . . .

Without offence, your real friend,
It is Peter Folger."[10]

[9] "Cycl. Am. Lit." Simon's ed., pp. 58-61.
[10] Ibid.

JOSEPH GREEN

A more typical New England poet and humorist was Joseph Green who was born in Boston in 1706. After his graduation from Harvard, he turned to business with great success and to politics with equal happiness. He was innately gay. His philosophy of life did not brook the given gravity of the Puritan, the stiff unyielding forms of religion, even the yawning chaps of the grave.

There is a piquancy to his wit which reaches us — though faintly — even down the years. His waggeries were not confined to any particular field or period. He made up his verses spontaneously on occasion and his attitude was that the devil might take the hindermost. His satire turned to parody at times, and nothing from hymns to funerals were exempt from his barbs of wit. Among his published works are found: "A Mournful Lamentation for the Sad and Deplorable Death of Old Mr. Tenor," "The Great Arcanum Detected, etc.," "An Entertainment for a Winter Evening."

The happy characteristics of his verse are, its ease, freshness, wit, keen satire, and insight into human nature. Of all the humorous versifiers, he is by far the most admirable.

JOHN MAYLEM

John Maylem whose poetical outpourings were inspired by the French and Indian Wars is to be considered merely in passing. His poems, loud with the bombast and blood of exhilarated New England heroisms, but faintly disturb the literary stream. They are worthless and without significance.

NICHOLAS NOYES

Leading his class in scholarship, trailing it in social rank, Nicholas Noyes, born in Massachusetts twenty years before, graduated from Harvard College in 1667. From 1670 until 1683, he was a minister of Haddam. Then he joined forces with the revered John Higginson of Salem, continuing until his death in 1717.

A religious mania grew upon Noyes as a result of the incautious waste of his strength through mental and physical labors, and for a long time, his scathing, bitter persecution of the Salem "witches" made his name something at which to tremble. His brain cleared, finally, and with humble penitence he went about attempting to repair the damage he had done, regretting, bewailing, yet not extenuating the frightful wrongs committed during his lunacy.

Likely a result of his somewhat disordered mind, his literary activities, outside his sermons, were turned into the channel of punning and image-twisting, resulting in the most bizarre grotesqueries of the century. His poetical monstrosities have earned for him the title of "the last and greatest of our poetical punsters."

His contributions to the "Magnalia" and an election sermon for 1698[11] are his only prose productions extant, but his verses, patterned on Herbert, Donne, Wither, Quarles, and other euphuists of a silghtly earlier period, fill many, many pages, and are examples of the worst in aborted psuedo-poetry.

As an epitapher, "prefatorier," and eulogizer, Noyes had no counterpart in Colonial literature. Nothing was sacred to his touch, nothing beyond the desecration of his punning. Upon the death of Joseph Green observe his humor:

"In God's house we of late did see
A Green and growing olive tree.
'Twas planted by a living spring
That always made it flourishing,
Filled it with sap and oily juice
That leaves and fruit and light produce;

. . . .

Summer and Winter, Green was he,
Most like the noble olive tree;

. . . .

His Master's work he did so ply,
He did but just get time to die."[12]

Noyes' efforts had at least one effect upon literary New England: they taught it what not to write in verse form.

[11] "New England's Duty and Interest to be an Habitation of Justice and a Mountain of Holiness."

[12] I Mass. Hist. Soc.

JOHN NORTON

Inspired and influenced tremendously by the admirable example of Anne Bradstreet, a Boston minister and Harvard graduate, John Norton, in 1678 published a poem on her death. There is a singing quality to "A Funeral Eulogy upon That Pattern and Patron of Virtue" that, disrobed of certain characteristic grotesqueries of the period, place it among the finest of early Colonial verse. That this was not his first effort of this sort is obvious in its charm and impelling rhythm.

"Behold how tears flow from the learnéd hill;
How the bereavéd nine do daily fill
The bosom of the fleeting oe'r with groans
And woeful accents which witness their moans.

. . . .

To write is easy; but to write on thee,
Truth would be thought to forfeit modesty.

. . . .

Let not her happy memory e'er lack
Its worth in Fame's eternal almanac.

. . . .

Let every laurel, every myrtle bough
Be stript for leaves to adorn and load her brow."[13]

[13] "The Works of Anne Bradstreet," J. H. Ellis' ed., pp. 409-413.

JOHN ROGERS

Linked in poetic power and spirit with Norton, attuned in sympathy akin to worship with Anne Bradstreet, we find John Rogers, versatile in the arts and sciences, president of Harvard 1683 until his death a year later. Mather's "Magnalia" yields up a wealth of material concerning his scholarliness, gentleness of spirit, devotion to his God and his fellow-humans, and above all, his integrity and virtue. The "Magnalia" does not, however, enable us to trace his published works to any great degree. In fact, the only authentic bit we find is a eulogy to Anne Bradstreet published in 1678. It is valuable in the first place in that it reflects the influence of Mrs. Bradstreet upon the writers of the time. In the second place, it is, on the whole — if we may forget one section which has been characterized by a reviewer as "gross, and, in fact, damnable" — a loftily conceived poem, noble in purpose, scholarly in treatment, effective in form. It followed a modified type of Chaucerian stanza with an Alexandrine every seventh line. Finally, we must concede its place in literature because it is representative of certain revolutionary spirits alive to the horrible classics of the Elizabethan versifiers and attempting a break for freedom.

"Your only hand these posies did compose;
Your head, the source of hence all those springs did flow.
Your voice whence change's sweetest notes arose;
Your feet, that kept the dance alone, I trow.
Then vail your bonnets, poetasters all
Strike lower amain, and at these humbly fall,
And deem yourselves advanced to be her pedestal."[14]

[14] "The Works of Anne Bradstreet," J. H. Ellis' edition, p. 96.

URIAN OAKES

Urian Oakes, another scholar, preacher, and Harvard president, born in Concord in 1631, also became a well-known figure in his day, distinguished for his pure and sonorous English, his linguistic facility, and a colorful imagination not paralleled up to the Revolution. While his fame rests largely upon his sermons which are universally accepted as the outstanding prose works of his day, it receives no inconsiderable impetus from his efforts in verse, but one example of which, time has left us. It is an elegy upon Thomas Shepard, a life-long friend, colleague and inspiration, who died in 1677. The poem of fifty-two six-lined stanzas is sincere, imaginative, and — omitting certain passages filled with the literary and religious hocus-pocus that dogged so much of the early writers' works — beautiful. It has a certain sweeping dignity that lifts it above its minor defects.

"Oh that I were a poet now in grain!
How would I invocate the Muses all
To deign their presence, lend their flowing vein,
And help to grace dear Shepard's funeral!

. . . .

And could my pen ingeniously distill
The purest spirits of a sparkling wit,
In rare conceits, the quintessence of skill
In elegiac strains—none like to it—
I should think all to little to condole
The fatal loss to us of such a soul.

. . . .

Away loose-reined careers of poetry;
The celebrated Sisters may begone,
We need no mourning women's elegy,
No forced, affected, artificial tone;
Great and good Shepard's dead! Ah! this alone
Will set our eyes abroach, dissolve a stone."

PETER OLIVER

A poem, eulogizing the famous colonial statesman Josiah Willard, appeared in Boston in 1757. Though the only one that we have left from which to determine the poetic talents of Peter Oliver, British sympathizer, Harvard graduate, gentleman farmer, we know of Oliver's genius through his frequent mention in Colonial writings. We can surmise that beneath a veneer of conventionalism influenced by Young or Thomson, a spark of originality and individualism smouldered.

JOHN SECCOMB

A specimen of what was considered, when sent to England, a representative trend in American poetry is sufficient to prove to us that John Seccomb was a cheap balladist and literary nincompoop. It was conceived by him upon hearing of the death of an old janitor at Harvard. With his usual misguided humor Seccomb perpetrated a series of stanzas purported to be Matthew Abdy's, the janitor's, will in which he left everything to his wife. Out of fourteen stanzas of atrocious tommyrot, as typical as any is the following:

"A greasy hat,
My old ram cat,
A yard and half of linen,
A woolen fleece,
A pot of grease,
In order for your spinning."

The printing of this absurdity by the well-meaning but misguided "Gentleman's Magazine," and "The

London Magazine," brought a measure of notoriety — then mistaken for fame — to Seccomb and Colonial poets generally. For a Harvard man, a minister, and a normal person, John Seccomb and his attemptedly humorous outbursts are indicative that Colonial verse had many, many years to go before it even caught sight of the literary vanguard of England. Since it has been said that Seccomb's doggerel carries one to the intellectual level of the nursery, he is scarcely a milestone of progress in our survey.

BENJAMIN TOMPSON

Born in Braintree in 1640, graduated from Harvard in 1662, Benjamin Tompson, a minister at Charlestown, was caught up in the turmoil of the times, as was Folger, and after some deliberation brought forth a poem using Folger's text, entitling it "New England's Crisis."[15] Tompson was a scholar and his style satiric, forceful, and facile, was obviously influenced by the poetry of Dryden. Bigoted, reactionary, harsh, he finds nothing in his day comparable in virtue and excellence to the courage, devotion, and morality of yesterday. He attacks the slothful comfort of his contemporaries, their ape-like manners, their godless clothes, their cowardice in the face of Indian insult.

"Not ink but blood and tears now serve the turn,
To draw the figure of New England's urn."

Several of his poetic endeavors are met with in the "Magnalia," but they all have as their characteristic a stern dogmatism, keen-edged satire, and "holier-than-thou" attitude.

[15] Kettel's "Specimen of Am. Poetry."

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH

No one holding a different theology from that held by Michael Wigglesworth, can do justice to him as a poet, without exercising the utmost intellectual catholicity; otherwise, disgust and detestation for much of this poet's message will drown all sense of the picturesqueness, the imaginative vigor, the tremendous realism of many of the conceptions under which his message was delivered. It is necessary, likewise, if we would not fail in true insight as we study him, to distinguish between the essence of poetry and its form. There was in him the genius of a true poet; his imagination had an epic strength — it was courageous, piercing, creative; his pages are strewn with many unwrought ingots of poetry. Yet, he had given up to a narrow and ferocious creed what was meant for mankind; in his intense pursuit of what he believed to be the good and the true, he forgot the very existence of the beautiful; finally, not having served his poetic apprenticeship under any of the sane and mighty masters of English song, he was himself forever incapable of giving utterance to his genius — except in a dialect that was unworthy of it.[16]

Michael Wigglesworth was born in England in 1631. Seven years later he came with his father to New England and lived in New Haven. After graduating from Harvard in 1651, he took a pastorate in Malden, Massachusetts, where he stayed "a feeble, little shadow of a man" — to quote from Mather's sermon — until his death in 1705. Throughout his life, he was constantly attended by illness, pain, and unhappiness, yet he was able to triumph over these

[16] Tyler, Hist. Am. Lit., Vol. II, p. 23.

ailments of the flesh by a sympathy, tenderness, and insight — after the funereal gentleness of the times — that made him a welcome friend to those cast down by woe.

Judged from the standards of thought in colonial days Wigglesworth was not a pessimist or a fatalist; he was simply a roving spirit saddened by the wickedness of a world which cried aloud for salvation and redemption. As a poet he cried candidly, even brutally, the agonies of the damned and the ectasies of the blessed.

Of all the colonial poets, only Anne Bradstreet is of greater caliber than Michael Wigglesworth. He wrote numerous minor poems of varying quality, but it is for his three long works that his name has become illustrious.

"God's Controversy with New England" was written during the great drought of 1662. Using this calamity as symbol, he plays varyingly upon the social, moral, and spiritual ills of the colonists, proving that they have caused this visitation of the wrath of God. It is filled with historic parallelisms, and far-fetched figures, but as an example of vivid cataloguing of the sins and transgressions of the world it has no equal.

"Meat out of the Eater: or Meditations Concerning the Necessity, End, and Usefulness of Afflictions unto God's Children, All Tending to Prepare Them for and Comfort Them Under the Cross," is perhaps worse, if possible than "God's Controversy," in its doggerel style. It is awkward, lame, and entirely unliterary, yet its sympathy, its comfort, its devoutness, no doubt rescued and elevated it to a place of popularity among earlier-day readers. After ten years it had passed through four editions becoming one of

the most read poems of the Colonial period. A later litterateur says of it, slyly, "it is such poetry as might still serve . . . a purpose, at least, by plucking from the memory for a moment rooted sorrow, and substituting a literary anguish in place of it.

Wigglesworth's *chef d'oeuvre,* however, is "The Day of Doom; or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment." This is, indeed, an inspired piece.

"Oh! guide me by thy sacred Sprite
So to indite and so to write,
That I thine holy name may praise,
And teach the sons of men thy ways."

The poem opens with the world lolling in carnal comfort and thoughtless ease. Then almost without warning comes the Millenium. All the wicked are aroused and then appears the Christ.

"All kindreds wail, all hearts do fail,
Horror the world doth fill,
With weeping eyes and loud outcries,
Yet knows not how to kill."

As great convulsions of the earth occur the trumpet is sounded; the dead arise from their tombs shaking off their cerements; then all are taken to the great justice. Sinners and saints are segregated:

"At Christ's left hand, the goats do stand,
All whining hypocrites,

. . . .

Apostates base and run-aways,
Such as have Christ forsaken,

. . . .

Blasphemers loud and sinners shrewd
Scoffers at purity,

. . . .

False witness bearers, and self forswearers,
Murderers and men of blood,

. . . .

There stand all nations and generations
Of Adam's progeny,

. . . .

These numerous bands, wringing their hands,
And weeping, all stand there,

. . . .

And dreadful expectation
Of endless pains and scalding flames,
Stand waiting for damnation."

The tribunal quickly hears the appeals of all — even unto the babies whose tongues unlashed by the divine power break out in wild pleadings for mercy notwithstanding the original sin. Despite their apparent innocence of real crime, the judge finds them guilty though he promises to "allow the easiest room in hell." This done Christ fires "the earth's foundation" dooming all the victims:

"With iron bands they bind their hands
And curséd feet together,
And cast them all, both great and small,
Into that lake forever."

In spite of the fact that this poem holds up the Supreme Being as nothing better than the common conception of the Devil, its popularity is amazing. For over a hundred years it continued as a favorite and a "best seller." At home and abroad the book was published and republished, and at least every thirty-fifth person had a copy. As a popular ballad, church hymn, and bed-time story "the Day of Doom" outrivals any commercial success in the history of the country. Not one of the Colonial poets is still read with as much enjoyment as Michael Wigglesworth, whose anthology of eternal torture and infant damnation stands unique in Christian literature.

SAMUEL WIGGLESWORTH

One of Michael Wigglesworth's sons, Samuel, attained a degree of poetic success that makes him logical for inclusion in this text. He was born in 1689, graduated from Harvard in 1707, and after a lifetime of accomplishment during the early years of which he was torn for choice between teaching, preaching, and doctoring, he died in 1768. When only twenty years old he wrote a commemorative poem to his friend Nathaniel Clark who had died at an early age that has flashes of real genius in it. "A Funeral Song" has the voice of youth, the questioning of youth about Death's mystery, the love of youth for youth, the grief of youth left desolated.

> "Tell him who now is glorified above,
> How rimlets of tears have drowned our eyes;
> Our hopes are all thrown overboard with him,
> Our tumid thoughts becalmed in a surprise."

In the midst of this melancholy musing the thought suddenly strikes the poet that there is no communication with the dead; that Death "Murders us with an unrelenting hand and reaps impartial both the green and dry." This angry mood gives place finally to a conclusion truly poetic, finely spun, generously conceived:

> "See, Death himself could not refrain—
> But buried him in tears."[17]

[17] N. E. Hist. and Geneal. Reg. IV, pp. 89-90.

FRANCIS KNAPP

The new school of rhythmical verse lead by Pope and Dryden found an eager follower in Francis Knapp, English scholar, graduate of Oxford, and literary hermit of Watertown (Mass.). He boasted a close friendship with Pope and was an ardent student of his innovations in poetry. While his productions were few, they are marked by a lyric quality not previously found in Colonial verse and while they may not be considered a characteristic note, they are at least indicative of the progress of certain new century writers. One of his bits may be found in "Recommendatory Poems" preluded to Pope's works and others among the "Biographical Sketches" by Samuel Knapp and Duyckincks "Cycle of American Literature."

Chapter Five

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WRITERS

Nathaniel Ward
Roger Williams
Nathaniel Ames
Robert Calef
Jeremiah Dummer
John Wise
Joshua Scottow
Samuel Sewall

NATHANIEL WARD

Browsers in literature who have never come across "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam," Nathaniel Ward's lasting contribution to American letters, have, indeed much entertainment, instruction, and pleasure before them.

Not one of the early colonists could boast the education, background of eminent associates, foreign travel, and extensive experience of Nathaniel Ward. Born in 1584, he was graduated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1603, with honors and the reputation for a skilled if acid pen. After practicing law a short time, he traveled extensively upon the continent. Very soon after his return, he was vested with holy orders and became rector of Stondon Massey, Essex, where he remained ten years.

Always restless, inquisitive, and radical in his beliefs and the expression of them, he shortly fell under the eye of the Bishop of London, William Laud, who, seeking always to preserve in his lieutenants a high degree of ceremonial and doctrinal punctilio, reprimanded him severely. Not a whit taken aback by the ultimatum he had received, Ward continued his liberal thinking and preaching until 1633 when he found he had been placed "under the sentence of excommunication."

In 1634 Ward arrived in Massachusetts and took a Puritan parish in Agawam (now Ipswich). After three years of intensive labors, his health failed, and he accepted the less arduous but no less difficult task of codifying colonial law. This done and well done, he turned to the preparation of one of the most whim-

sical, sarcastic, sparkling, and juicy bits of writing turned out by any colonial litterateur.

"The Simple Cobbler of Agawam in America, willing to help 'mend his native country, lamentably tattered both in the upper lathes and sole, with all the honest stitches he can take; and as willing never to be paid by his work by old English wonted pay. It is his trade to patch all year long, gratis. Therefore, I pray, gentlemen, keep your purses. By Theodore de la Girard.

'In rebus ardius ac terim spe, fortissima quaque consilia tutissima sunt.'

Cic. In English:

When boots and shoes are torn up to the lefts,
Cobblers must thrust their awls up to the hefts;

This is no time to fear Appeles' gramm:

'Ne sutor quidam ultra crepidam.'

London: Printed by J. D. and R. I. for Stephen Bowtell at the sign of the Bible in Pope's Head Alley, 1647."

Ward's theme deals with a consideration in prose satire of "The frightful license of new opinions in his time, both in New England and at home; upon the frivolity of women and the long hair of men; and finally upon the raging storm of English politics, in the strife then going forward between sects, parties, parliament, and king. It is a tremendous partisan pamphlet, intensely vital even yet, full of fire, wit . . . inviction, patriotism and bigotry. One would have to search long among the rubbish of books thrown forth to the public during those hot and teeming days, to find one more authentically representing the stir, the earnestness, the intolerance, the hope, and the wrath of the times than does this book."[1]

"The Simple Cobbler" appeared from a London press in 1647, and meeting quick public favor at a time when affairs were in a state of flux, went through four printings in a year. Ward's style is not that

[1] Tyler, Hist. Am. Lit. p. 230.

which the Simple Cobbler, his pseudonym, affected, but rather the living breathing eloquence and polish of the scholarly English gentleman he was. At the outset he states his brief in the words: "Either I am in an apoplexy, or that man is in a lethargy who doth not now sensibly feel God shaking the heavens over his head and the earth under his feet. . . . The truths of God are the pillars of the world whereon states and churches may stand quiet if they will; if they will not, he can easily shake them off into delusions and distractions enough."[2]

The criticism that is most immediately obvious in Ward's theme is that he is radical in his distaste for ceremonial and doctrinal codes, but extremely conservative, even bigoted in his attitude towards all existing English forms. Immediately he separated himself from English sectarianism, he began to bay down everything not conforming to his own standards.

There are three distinct aims of "The Simple Cobbler": the first, to bring about union out of chaos — that is, announce the real truth — Ward's truth — of affairs, to the world, and tolerate no one who refused to accept it. The second, to establish and enforce Puritan asceticism, abolishing the amusements, frivolities, and fashions of men and women. And finally, point three: by a nation-wide agreement to purity and justice in country and kirk, abolish forever, any type of warfare.

It would at first seem that Ward had bitten off more than he could chew either with grace or comfort, yet his treatment of the first phrase of the subject indicates a satisfactory capacity. In the most disarming and naive manner conceivable he strips intolerance, bigotry, and persecution of all guise and howls

[2] "The Simple Cobbler."

down freedom of speech, worship, and religion. "Here I hold myself bound to set up a beacon to give warning of a new-sprung sect of phantastics, which would persuade themselves and others that they have discovered the nor-west passage to Heaven. Three wits of the game cry up and down in corners such bold ignotions of a new gospel, new Christ, new faith, and new gay nothings, as trouble unsettled heads, querulous hearts, and not a little grieve the Spirit of God. I desire all good men may be saved from their lunacy and by infidelity; and rather believe these torrid raptures down to the lowest hell from which he could be delivered, let him avoid these blasphemers a late fry of croaking frogs, not to be endured in a religious state; no if it were possible, not an hour."[3]

"The Simple Cobbler of Agawam" is a brave book; it has the strength, the straightforwardness, the shrewdness, wit and intolerance, of the typical New England colonist. It has, of course, its literary faults. The strained and overdone figures of speech, namely litotes, metaphors, similes, and antitheses, are, in practically every instance, bad taste. The overlarding of Latinisms, the garbled syntax and bizarre constructions, the purely original and unheard of words and phrases — all these difficulties are present.

Yet in justice it must be said that his solecisms were ills to which most writers on both sides of the ocean were heir. The spirit, intrepidity, and enthusiasm with which Ward endowed his work may still be caught by the reader. Right or wrong, Ward was staunch in his opinions, never yielding an inch, nor giving quarter. The entire narrative has as its characteristic style a freedom and unhesitancy of expression that marks it as a milestone in Colonial letters.

[3] "Simple Cobbler" p. 21.

ROGER WILLIAMS

Few of the colonial writers are better known to student and layman alike than Roger Williams whose imprudent energies, hot head and bitter tongue earned for him a place, unenviable at the time among the most radical, liberal, and outspoken free-thinkers of his generation. His generous impulses, human sympathies, and impatience with the bigotries of the sterner fathers mark him as a true force for the inception of our fundamental principles of liberty.

Ever an apostle of the right, he could not stomach certain evils that he believed existed in affairs with which he had become connected. Thus it was that after taking holy orders, he found himself believing that the established church must be a corrupt one, and so he withdrew himself immediately. Again upon arriving in New England he took issue with the authority of the King to give away land which he (Williams) knew belonged to the Indians. Only by buying and selling did he believe the title to lands and possessions might be transferred.

Then also he attacked the hypocrisy of those New Englanders who gave only lip-service to the Lord and were in their hearts unbelievers. The fourth stand that he took was that no civil authorities had the right to exercise direction over anything but "the bodies and goods and outward state of men." Their thoughts, opinions, and beliefs were inviolate, he stated.

In view of these amazingly radical doctrines it is not surprising that Governor Haines decreed that Roger Williams, being a pernicious and unholy influence throughout the State, be denied the privilege of citizenship there; that he must seek other sanctuary.

With the establishment of the United Colonies of New England including Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven colonies — and excluding Rhode Island very significantly, the inhabitants of that "lost colony" chose their chief citizen, Roger Williams, to go to England to secure a charter for the protection of their "civic respectability." While on the way to the Mother country from the post of New Amsterdam — Boston, of course, being barred to him, Williams wrote his first opus, "A Key into the Language of the Natives in that part of America Called New England." It appeared from a London press soon after his arrival.

The book was intended as a phrase collection of the tongues of certain Indian tribes, but it went far beyond that. It described in detail the habits, customs, laws, and environments of the Indians themselves. Each chapter has its introductory bit of verse which is didactic, amusing, or descriptive, according to the matter of the material that followed. All of it is fresh, interesting and valuable. The book cries out the character of its author from cover to cover. The depth of insight, liberality, and compassion; the originality, pithiness, and sparklingness, all bespeak the man. While sprinkling the pages generously with complicated figures of speech, he offends good taste in no such way as that arch-satirist, Ward.

Once in London, he found a new strife boiling; Hampden, having fallen in the defence of the poor of London, Williams had material aplenty with which to wage his war for humanity. But with his typical inconsistency he began to worry more about the poverty-stricken souls than their bodies, and soon took up his pen to that end. While in the midst of this work, a letter from John Cotton to him — written

six years before — appeared, queerly enough, in a London periodical. The theme was the justification of William's banishment from Massachusetts. Without delay Roger set to work replying and in 1644 there appeared "Mr. Cotton's Letter Lately Printed, Examined and Answered." This represents as excellent a bit of work as he ever turned out. It is gentlemanly, dignified, and logical. In it he explains without calling for sympathy, the situation in Massachusetts, the severity and unreasonableness of his treatment; the existing bigotry and intolerance. It is an outstanding piece of colonial literature.

Amid the strife then abroad in England between the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists as to the new form of church government which should rise from the ashes of the old Episcopacy, Williams again stepped into the breach and with a foresight years in advance of existing thought declared against a national church in 1644 entitled "Queries of Highest Consideration." This again is a piece of real literature. Restrained in tone, eloquent in style, it rises to heights in certain passages worthy of a Milton.

But this outburst brought down the denunciation of both sides, quite naturally, and the same year there appeared over his name another reply "The Bloody Tenet of Persecution for Cause of Conscience." This book ran through two printings that year and, siezed upon by the Presbyterians who were losing the fight, became the most quoted publication of the times. It is an allegory in which two angels, Truth and Peace, after years of wandering, hold dialogue concerning the sins and evils of a blinded mankind that is keeping the world in a state of chaos and misery. Immediately following this book, John Milton brought out his plea for toleration, "Areopagitica," which while

perhaps more poetic and sonorous has not the clarity and breadth of vision that Williams' masterpiece contains.

Williams returned to Rhode Island in 1644 and three years later was met with an echo of his original reply to John Cotton's letter in which Cotton attempted to set Williams in his place paraphrasing his original title: "The Bloody Tenet Washed and Made White in the Blood of the Lamb." Without delay Roger sat himself down and composed "The Bloody Tenet Yet More Bloody by Mr. Cotton's Endeavor to Wash It White in the Blood of the Lamb." This is a book of tremendous power and appeal. It has an inspiring sonorous organ note not touched previously in his efforts and is equal to the work of any of his English contemporaries. He sounds an appeal to England to enfranchise those persons and states under its sovereignty and spread farther that spirit of magnanimity, and tolerance by which the mother country can show itself to be a true follower of Christ, "washed in the Blood of the Lamb."

Follow a bit of his powerful eloquence here: "The Pope, the Turk, the King of Spain, the Emperor, and the rest of persecutors, build among the eagles and the stars; yet while they practice violence to the souls of men and make their swords of steel corrivals with the two-edged spiritual sword of the Son of God, the basis of their highest pillars, the foundation of their glorious palaces are but dross and rottenness. And honor, in our poor arithmetic, their kingdoms number seem great, yet in the only wise account of the Eternal, their ages are but minutes and their short periods are near accomplished."

Though the book is of excellent quality from the standpoint of power, inspiration, and sincerity, it is

found to be typical of all seventeenth century literature in its ponderous and slowly moving rhythm. It lacks proportion, clarity, and "pruning." Were it not for its nobility of tone, its synthesis of wit, pathos, satire, logic, and earnestness it would fall into desuetude along with the prosy tomes of the forgotten writers of that period.

Considering his works as a unit, we find they all reflect the man — his character, life, and environment. He was not a careful drudging scribbler, but rather the impulsive headstrong progenitor of the pamphleteers, writing not for writing's sake or at any regular time, but merely when affairs of state moved his soul to expression. At least three of his manuscripts are known not to have been published at all, and are now swallowed up in oblivion. Immediately following his replies to Cotton, he brought out two slender dissertations "Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health," and "The Hireling Ministry None of Christ's."[4] Twenty-four years later he published a quarto volume in Boston, "George Fox Digged Out of His Burrows,"[5] a book some three hundred and fifty pages long, on the public debates in which he had taken part in Rhode Island with the first of the Quaker proselytes. It is amusing, authentic, interesting as a picture of life in the middle century, and bitter as gall with the typical Puritan invective.

Roger Williams was a master of epigram and aphorism. There lies in all his writing the hint of a subtle humor, a *nuance* of the man's inner sensitivity and humanness that is so infrequently revealed in the literary outpourings of the best of our New England men of letters.

[4] Narr. Club Pub. IV-V.
[5] Ibid.

NATHANIEL AMES

Three years before James Franklin's almanac appeared, an innkeeper and physician of Dedham, Massachusetts, Nathaniel Ames, brought out his "Astronomical Diary and Almanac" and continued its publication until his death in 1764. It attained a tremendous popularity throughout the colonies and was in many ways superior to Franklin's, which was largely imitated.

Every sort of entertainment and instruction was included between its covers — science, history, nonsense, literature — all in delectable confusion. Years before Ben Franklin brought forth his almanac, Ames had become celebrated for his knowledge, shrewdness, and wit. His pamphlet had become national reading and was used on every occasion for its pungent aphorisms and sparkling wisdom.

December 15-16, 1749: "This cold uncomfortable weather
Makes Jack and Jill lie close together."

1729: "Welcome's that man for to complain of me
whose self and works are quite from error free."

October 25-28, 1763:
"There are three faithful friends—an old wife,
an old dog, and ready cash."

We find essays, scraps of verse, pithy epigrams, abounding in these pages. Ames was a true literary cosmopolite in his tastes and the affairs of every nation were here set down in critical brief for the edification of his readers.

"O ye unborn inhabitants of America! Should this page escape its destined conflagration at the year's end, and these alphabetical letters remain legible when your eyes behold the sun after he has rolled the seasons round for two or three centuries more, you will know that in Anno Domini 1758, we dreamed of your times."

And this is proof enough of the genius of the prophetic Ames who spent his whole life with eyes searching that inscrutable future just beyond the horizon while his hands prepared the common sense ration for the plodders.

JOSHUA SCOTTOW AND ROBERT CALEF

The degeneracy of the colonial period was attemptedly depicted in 1691 by an old Boston tradesman, Joshua Scottow, by name, in a book entitled "Old Men's Tears for their own Declensions." So far as something worthy of the name of literature is concerned it failed miserably as did his succeeding book "A Narrative of the Planting of the Massachusetts Colony." It has a faint historical value but aside from that, the author himself reviewed his work accurately, though unconsciously, when he remarked that these books might be the "delirious dotage of his puerile and superannuated brains."[6]

At least one book brought out during the witchcraft frenzy had some faint flickering of reason and right to it. That was "More Wonders of the Invisible World" published in London in 1700, written by a Boston merchant of middle age — Robert Calef. It is not literature, but beneath the muddle of chaotic cross-examination of the various forms and ills of witchcraft, there lies a cool courage, a dogged determination to get at the truth of the whole affair no matter how long it took. Though the Mathers were infuriated by the book, Increase having it burned publicly at Harvard, "More Wonders" probably disabused and clarified the minds of most of the magic-mad population.

[6] 4 Mass. Hist. Coll. iv, p. 279.

JEREMIAH DUMMER

A man of unusual ability, great literary promise, and exceptional talents, Jeremiah Dummer, was born in Boston in 1679. He was accounted by the sagacious Charles Chauncey to be one of the three greatest men for power and breadth of genius in America. After taking his degree at Harvard in 1699, he began preaching, supplementing it, shortly, by study abroad. In 1704 he received his doctor's degree at Utrecht and returned to New England to take a pastorate in Boston.

Thereafter, in spite of his every effort he could not make his ministry a success. It was impeccable, but it was also ineffectual. A good man, a scholarly man, an inspired man, he lacked a certain spark to make him a ready converter of sinners, and thus it was, even after the publication of one of his best sermons: "A Discourse on the Holiness of the Sabbath Day" for which Increase Mather wrote a preface exhorting the world to seize this prodigy for its own, that shortly he found himself without a pulpit.

For five years he was away from the public eye, then he suddenly came into sight in London in 1709. No preacher this time, he had become a politician under Hartley and St. John, the Tory ministry. After a short career with his new associates, he found himself suddenly stranded when in 1714 the Queen died and Bolingbroke fled to France. From this time on, Dummer's life was filled with sorrow, despite the comforts and laxities that his membership in the Middle Temple afforded him, and he died in 1739 without ever attaining that honor and prestige which he had

so hoped to capture and of which his earlier life gave such promise.

We do, however, owe Dummer a debt. He never forgot his New England even in the midst of his new career. From 1710 to 1721, he acted as Massachusetts agent to London, serving the state even after his pay and reappointment failed to materialize. His writings were always upon American subjects and his affection for the land he left behind seems never to have dimmed.

Two publications remain as tests of his literary genius; the first, "A Letter to a Noble Lord Concerning the Late Expedition to Canada," wherein he ably proves three contentions: that the Canadian conquest was of tremendous importance; that the expedition was wisely planned; and lastly, that in its failure New England was in no wise blameworthy. It has within it matters of historical and social import concerning the attitude of the colonists toward the French, and the skill of the French missionaries in their political machinations. The second book, "A Defense of the New England Charters," published in 1728 is as logical and scholarly as the first book, excellent for its clarity, grace, and cogency. He concerns himself with four points: charter governments have perfect right to their charters; they have not forfeited them; finally, even if they had the crown should not accept the forfeiture since it would not be for its best interests. A fourth point, concluding, adds that justice demands that charter colonies not be disenfranchised by a parliamentary act.

Always the scholar, the gentleman, the humanitarian, Jereimah Dummer stands as a sad example of a great litterateur guided into unknown paths of political intrigue and left enmeshed in the tangle of a confused and top-heavy government.

JOHN WISE

Upon a time there arrived in Ipswich a famous wrestler, champion of Andover and the surrounding region, whose visit was occasioned to challenge the preacher to a bout or a friendly test of strength. After much encouragement from his parishioners the minister accepted the blusterer's taunt, but had scarcely wrapped his arms in iron hug around his antagonist, when the latter lay outstretched upon the earth, with his curiosity respecting the Reverend Mr. Wise completely satisfied.

Thus John Wise, minister of Ipswich, tower of muscular and mental strength, tall in stature, high in ideals, graceful in mind and body. He was born in Roxbury 1652; was graduated from Harvard in 1673; became and remained pastor of the Second Church of Ipswich until his death in 1725.

In 1705 there appeared a pamphlet "Questions and Proposals" purporting to be the work of Boston ministers, apparently only mentioning certain changes in the existing church policies, but actually, though subtly, suggesting the stripping of the laity's power in the New England churches, and annulling the independence of each, replacing it with the entire command of the clergy's will.

Wise, though only a country minister, saw immediately below its sanctimonious raiment and plausible phrases, the poisonous implication, and rising in wrath he struck the affair with a powerful document of his own devising entitled "The Churches' Quarrel Expoused" in 1710. Through its bitter sarcasm, keen logic, and overwhelming sincerity, it completely upset the whole affair. In a shrewd analysis of the situa-

tion, he was able to prove the danger of the project, if only fragmentarily adopted. His ringing phrases are a tribute to his literary genius:

" 'This is the gun-powder-treason day'; and we are every man ruined being running Fawkes' fate! Why, gentlemen, have you forgot it? It is the day of the gun-powder-treason, and a fatal day to traitors — and I have such an awe upon my mind of this very day, that I have made a settled resolution that of all the days of the whole year, I will never conspire treason against my natural prince, nor mischief to the churches on the fifth day of November, and so, farewell, gentlemen; for I dare not join with you in this conspiracy."[7]

This book has genuine literary qualities. Here the author demonstrates a dramatic instinct for relieving tension with humor, and using wit to bring about suspense. It is a piece of sheer logic, enthusiastic eloquence, and sparkling gayety.

Seven years after this book, Wise, in 1717 brought out a tome in which he set forth the elements and tents of the New England ecclesiastical polity called "A Vindication of the Government of New England Churches." It includes a sweeping survey of civil polity, civil obligations, and the rights of man. It is no less excellent in literary quality though much of the humor of the first book has been sacrificed to a cool didactism in the second.

John Wise has been ranked as the foremost of the colonial writers in breadth and power of thought, sonorousness and elegance of style, delicate and sparkling wit blended with intense sincerity. No quotation, large or small, is sufficient to show his musical prose, his nobility of conception. Beneath all his enthusiasm

[7] The Churches' Quarrel Espoused p. 82.

lies a gentle dignity which lifts him above the ruck into the ranks of the best of the men of letters of his day.

Perhaps no greater proof of his oracular powers and advanced thinking can be given than the fact that the Revolutionary leaders preparing the Declaration of Independence caused his two books to be reprinted, and Thomas Jefferson used his theory of the right of man directly in his forming of the document.

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